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THE

Merry Musician;

OR, A

CURE for the SPLEEN:

BEING

A COLLECTION of the most diverting SONGS and pleasant BALLADS set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE; adapted to every Taste and Humour.

Let other Arts in Senseless Matter reign,
Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain;
Musick, the mighty Artist, Man, can rule,
As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul.

VOL. III.

London, Printed for and sold by John Walsh *Musick Printer and Instrument-maker to his Majesty at the Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand.* Price Bound 7s.

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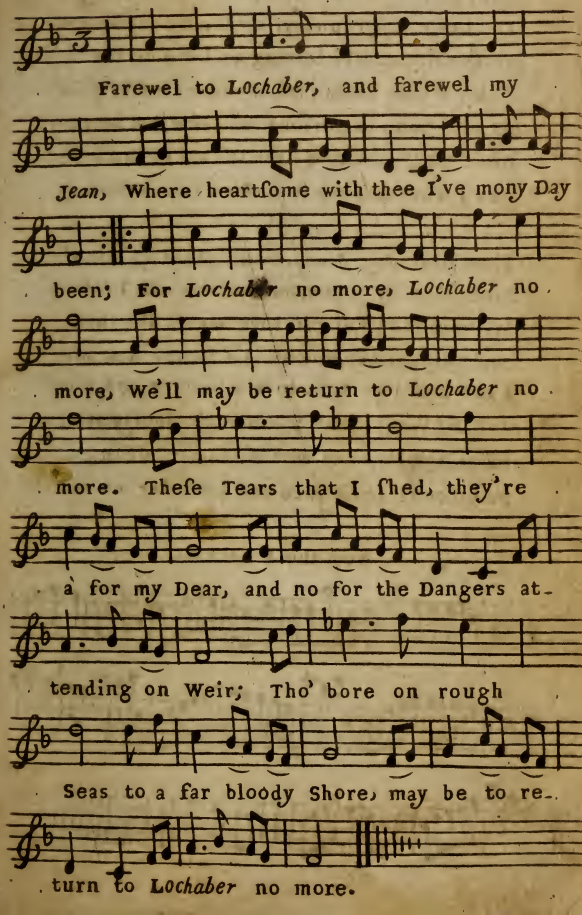
LOCHABER no more.

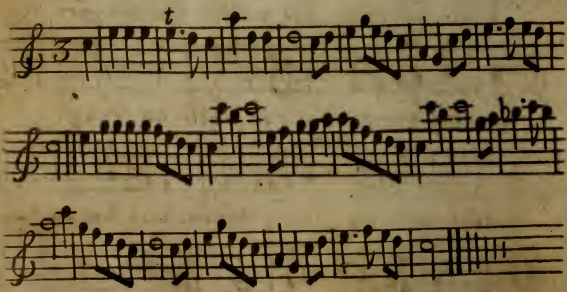

Farewel to *Lochaber,* and farewel my
Jean, Where heartſome with thee I've mony Day
been; For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no
more, We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no
more. Theſe Tears that I ſhed, they're
a' for my Dear, and no for the Dangers at-
tending on Weir; Tho' bore on rough
Seas to a far bloody Shore, may be to re-
turn to *Lochaber* no more.

The Merry Muſician; or,

Tho' Harrycanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry Wind
They'll ne'er make a Tempeſt like that in my Mind;
Tho' loudeſt of Thunder, or louder Waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore:
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is ſair pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious, no Fame can be gain'd:
And Beauty and Love's the reward of the Brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

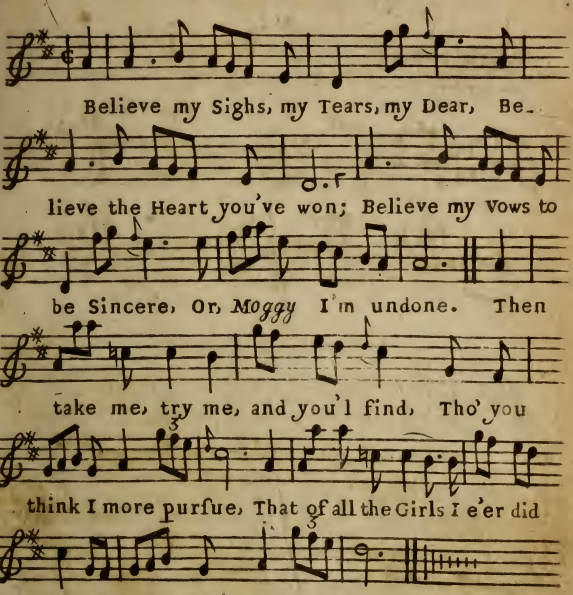
Then Glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuſe,
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
And without thy Favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my Laſs, to win Honour and Fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly Hame,
I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love runing o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

For the FLUTE.



A Cure for the Spleen.

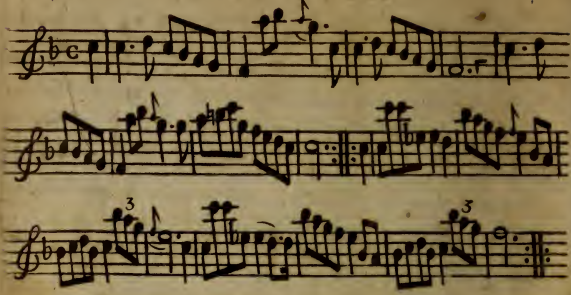
The SINCERE LOVER.


Believe my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear, Be-
lieve the Heart you've won; Believe my Vows to
be Sincere, Or, *Moggy* I'm undone. Then
take me, try me, and you'l find, Tho' you
think I more purſue, That of all the Girls I e'er did
ſee, I ne'er lov'd one but you.

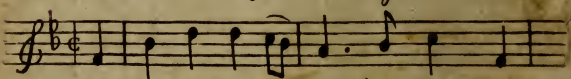
My Heart was once a lump of Ice,
'Till thaw'd by your Bright Eyes;
But Oh! tho' Quicken'd in a trice,
A Flame that never Dyes.
Then take me, try me, and you'l find,
Tho' you think I more purſue,
That of all the Girls I e'er ſhall ſee
I'll ne'er love one but you.

The Merry Muſician: or,

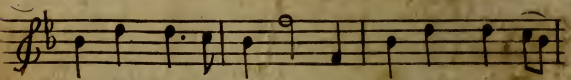
For the FLUTE.



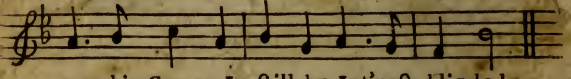
Corn Rigs are bonny.



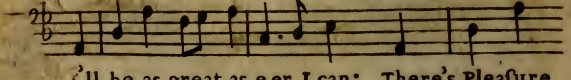
Self-love directs the World's Affairs, Its



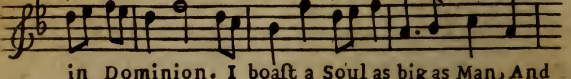
Counſel firſt is minded. The Patriot, whatſo



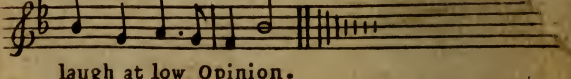
e er his Cares, Is ſtill by Int'reſt blinded.



I'll be as great as e er I can; There's Pleaſure

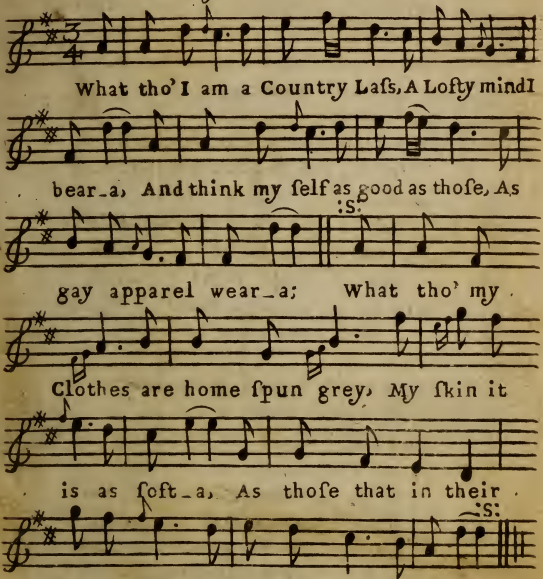


in Dominion. I boaſt a Soul as big as Man, And



laugh at low Opinion.

The COUNTRY LASS. Or *the Lofty* SHEPHERDESS.


What tho' I am a Country Lass, A Lofty mind I
bear_a, And think my self as good as those, As
gay apparel wear_a; What tho' my
Clothes are home spun grey, My skin it
is as soft_a, As those that in their
Cyprus Veils, Carry their heads aloft_a.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
'Tis a thing that must be done_a,
A Garland of the sweetest Flowers,
Shall shade me from the Sun_a;
And when I see they feeding be,
Where Flowers and Grass do spring_a,
Beside a purling Christal Stream,
I sit me down and sing_a.

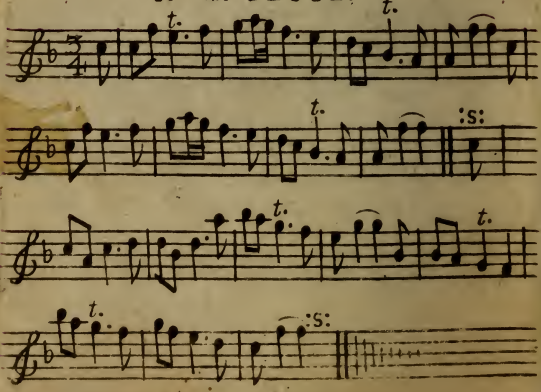
My leathern Bottle stuft with sage,
Is drink that's very thin_a,
No Wine did e'er my Brains inrage,
Or tempt me for to Sin_a;

My Country Curds, and wooden ſpoon,
Methinks are very fine_a,
When on a ſhady bank at noon,
I ſit me down and dine_a.

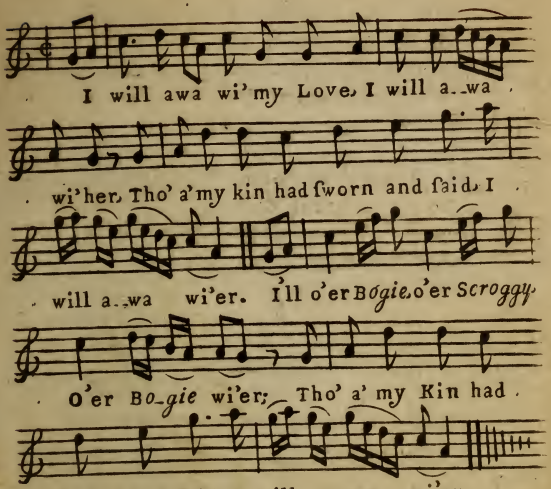
Altho' my Portion won't allow,
Of Bags of ſhining Gold_a,
As Farmer's Daughters now_a_days,
Like Swine are bought and ſold_a;
My Body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt mind within_a,
And for an hundred thouſand Pound,
I valu't not a pin_a.

No Jewells wear I in my Ears,
Or Pearls about my Neck_a,
Nor coſtly Rings do I uſe,
My fingers for to deck_a;
But for the Man, who e'er he be,
That I ſhall chance to wed_a,
I'll keep a Jewell worth them all,
I mean my Maidenhead_a.

For the FLUTE.



o'er BOGIE.


I will awa wi' my Love, I will a...wa
wi' her, Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid, I
will a...wa wi'er. I'll o'er *Bogie*, o'er *Scroggy*
O'er *Bo...gie* wi'er, Tho' a' my Kin had
ſworn and ſaid, I will a...wa wi'er.

If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Straë,
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna' part
For Siller or for Land.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink
And Beaux admire fine Lace;
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty's* bonny Face.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

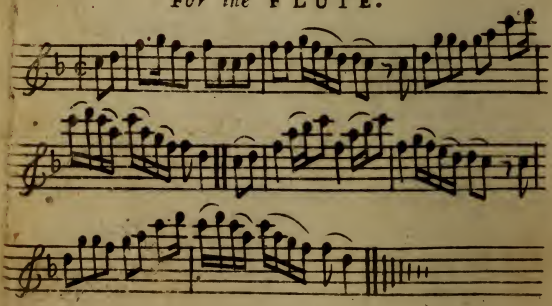
There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare;
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms:
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

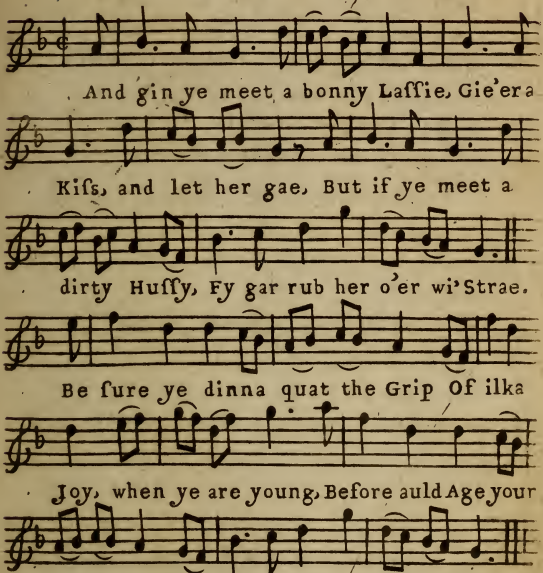
There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range;
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
Shame fa' them that wad change.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

A Kiſs of *Betty*, and a Smile;
Abeet ye wad lay down
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

For the FLUTE.



Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

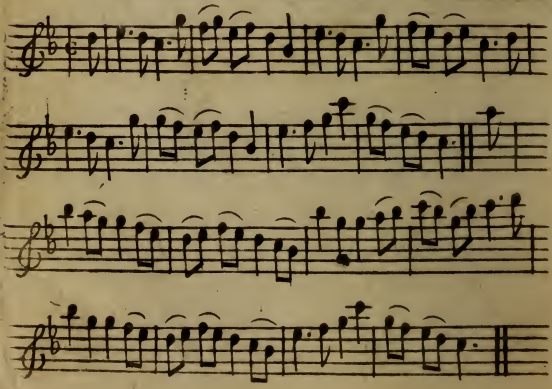

And gin ye meet a bonny Laſſie, Gie'er a
Kiſs, and let her gae, But if ye meet a
dirty Huſſy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.
Be ſure ye dinna quat the Grip Of ilka
Joy, when ye are young, Before auld Age your
Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartſome Time,
Then, Lads and Laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And Kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
Syne frae your Arme ſhe'll rin away,
And hide her ſelf in ſome dark Nook.
Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen Na-ſays are haff a Grant.

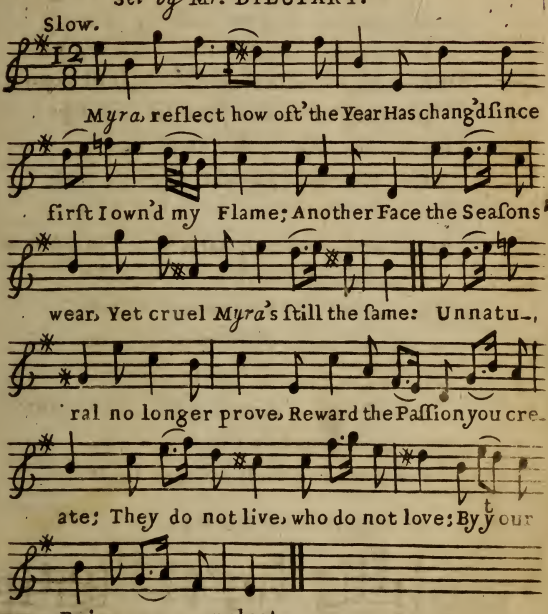
Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs,
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliſs.
Theſe Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining Cant.

For the FLUTE.



The NEW-YEAR's-GIFT.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

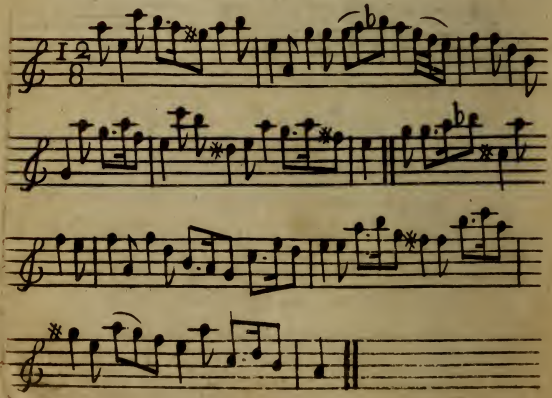

Slow.
Myra, reflect how oft the Year Has chang'd since
first I own'd my Flame; Another Face the Seasons
wear, Yet cruel Myra's still the same: Unnatu-
ral no longer prove, Reward the Passion you cre-
ate; They do not live, who do not love; By your
Being we compleat.

Tho' chilly Winter blasts the Fields,
And blooming Prospects are no more;
No Charms, tho' harrass'd Nature yields,
But seems t' have lavish'd all her Store;
The Earth no sooner feels the Sun,
But springing Verdure decks the Meads:
His genial Power the Flowers own,
And o'er all Nature he succeeds.

Yet, tho' when Winter's Rage is o'er,
The pregnant Spring ſhines forth again,
And, ſpight of Autumn's killing Power,
A new-born beauty crowns the Plain:
When your hard Autumn once ſhall come,
In vain you will expect the Spring;
Faces have ne'er a ſecond Bloom,
And Time will endleſs Winter bring.

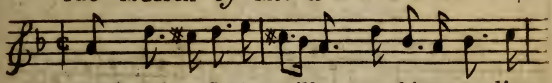
Then, while the Sun darts kind his Beams,
A plenteous Harveſt wiſely make;
Meet with a due Return my Flames;
A Heart both juſtly give and take:
So ſhall you never vainly grieve,
For fear your Beauties ſhou'd decline;
But to the World a Pattern leave,
And honour'd ſtill, to Ages ſhine.

For the FLUTE.

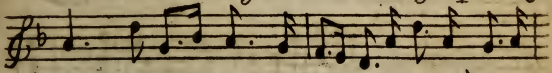


The DREAM.

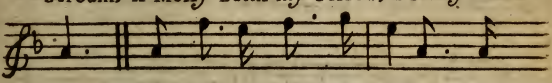
The Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.



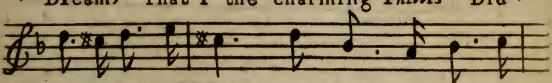
Beneath a ſhady Willow, Hard by a purling



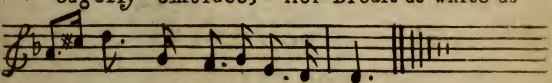
Stream, A Moſſy Bank my Pillow, I fancy'd in a



Dream, That I the charming *Phillis* Did



eagerly embrace; Her Breaſt as white as

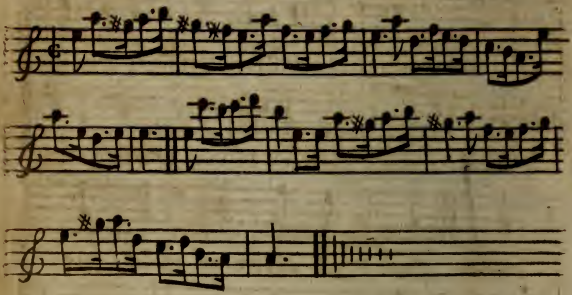


Lillies, And *Roſamonda*'s Face.

What ecſtacies of Pleaſure
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treaſure
She bleſt her am'rous Swain:
Cou'd nought our Joys diſcover,
And I my Dream believe,
I ſo cou'd ſleep for ever,
And ſtill be ſo deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain woud have eluded
The melancholy Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring
So exquiſite a Pain;
The Wound is paſt all curing,
That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

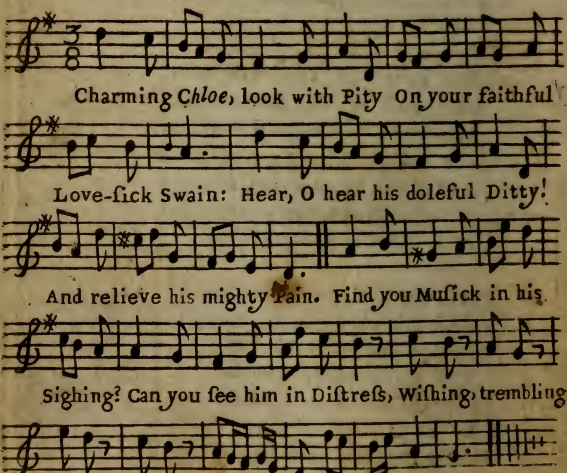
For the FLUTE.



TRUE LOVE.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

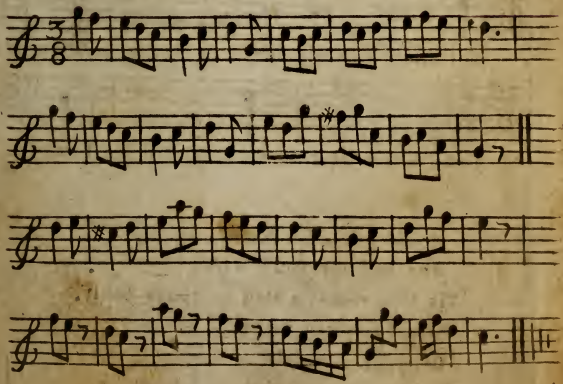
Set by Dr. GREEN.


Charming *Chloe*, look with Pity On your faithful
Love-ſick Swain: Hear, O hear his doleful Ditty!
And relieve his mighty Pain. Find you Muſick in his
Sighing? Can you ſee him in Diſtreſs, Wiſhing, trembling,
panting, dying, Yet afford no kind Redreſs!

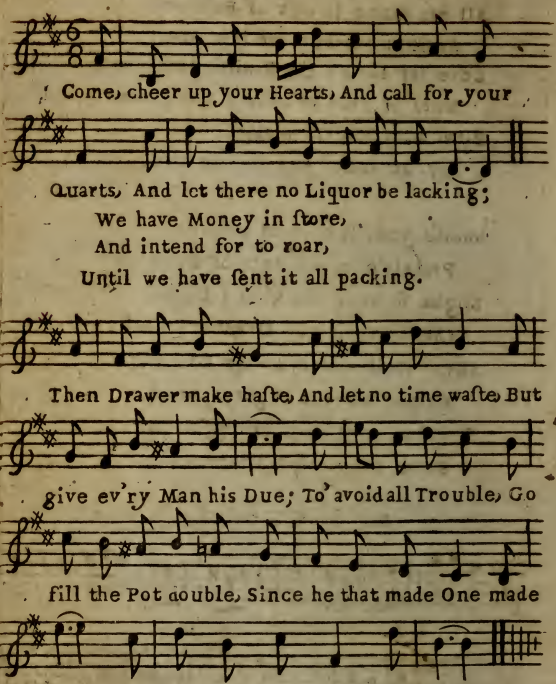
Strephon, mov'd by lawleſs Paſſion,
For no Favours rudely ſues:
All his Flame is out of Faſhion!
Ancient Honour for him woes!
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition:
But, if That is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition---
Say, at leaſt, you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Arts of Guile,
Slight ſo true and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not *Strephon* ſmile?
Yes. Well-pleas'd at thy Undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid.
Strephon, conſcious of thy Ruin,
Soon wou'd be a ſilent Shade.

For the FLUTE.



Set by Mr. I. SHEELES.


Come, cheer up your Hearts, And call for your
Quarts, And let there no Liquor be lacking;
We have Money in ſtore,
And intend for to roar,
Until we have ſent it all packing.
Then Drawer make haſte, And let no time waſte, But
give ev'ry Man his Due; To avoid all Trouble, Go
fill the Pot double, Since he that made One made
Two, Since he that made One, made Two.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine,
'Tis that makes a Man to ſpeak truly;
What Sot can refrain,
Or daily complain,
That he, in his Drink, is unruly:

Then drink, and be civil,
Intending no Evil,
If that you'll be ruled by me;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made Two, made Three,
Since he, &c.

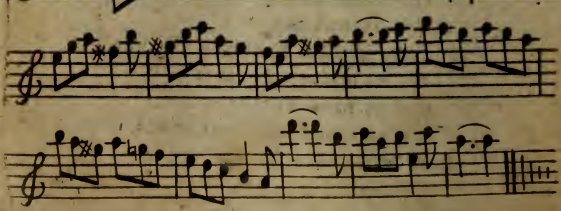
The old Curmudgeon,
Sits all the Day drudging
At home, with brown Bread and ſmall Beer;
With ſcraping damn'd Pelf,
He ſtarveth himſelf,
Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:
But we'll not do ſo,
Howe'er the World go,
Since that we have Money in ſtore;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made Three, made Four.
Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine;
D'ye think that I'll leave you i'th' Lurch?
My Reck'ning I'll pay,
Ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as *Paul*'s Church.
Tho' ſome Men will ſay,
This is not the way
For us, in this World, to thrive;
'Tis no matter for that
Let us have t'other Quart,
Since he that made Four, made Five.
Since he, &c.

A Pox of old *Charon*,
His Brains are all barren,
His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;
But we are for Wine,
'Tis a Drink more divine,
Without it we periſh and die:
Then troll it about,
Until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in ſpite of his *Styx*;
If he grudges his Ferry,
We'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made Five, made Six.
Since he, &c.

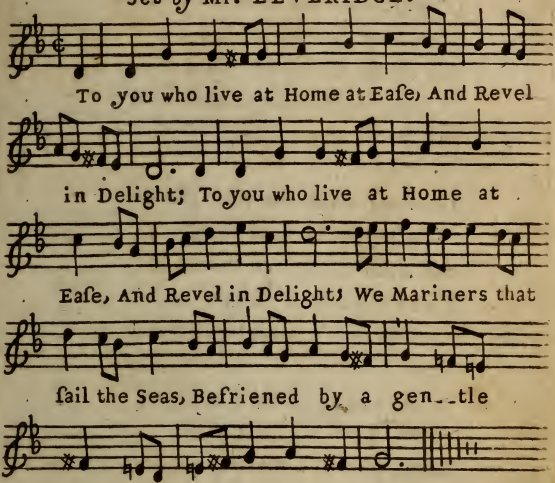
But now the Time's come,
That we all muſt go home,
Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes me repine,
That a God ſo Divine,
Won't give us one Cup at our Parting:
But ſince 'tis all paid,
Let's not be diſmay'd,
But fly to great *Bacchus* in Heaven;
And chide him, becauſe
He made no better Laws,
Since he that made Six, made Seven.
Since he, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The FAITHFUL MARINER.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.


To you who live at Home at Eaſe, And Revel
in Delight; To you who live at Home at
Eaſe, And Revel in Delight; We Mariners that
ſail the Seas, Befriened by a gen__tle
Breeze, To you we thus Indite.

Let all your Perturbations die,
Your private Feuds allay;
Let ev'ry Animoſity
For ever in Oblivion lye,
Now we are gone to Sea.

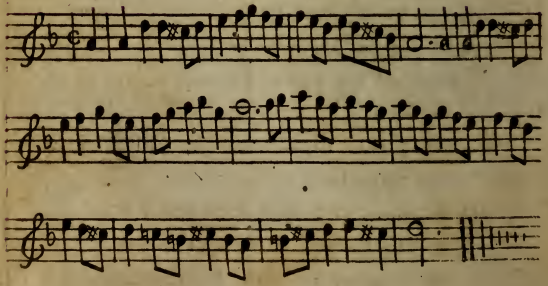
When forked Light'ning flies amain,
And Thunder ſplits our Maſt;
Think then what dangers we ſuſtain,
Compell'd by you to croſs the Main,
For Humane Frailties paſt.

I hope to ſee my Dear once more,
Tho' I my Voy'ge purſue;
Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
To waft me from *Britannia's* Shore,
I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the Wars Alarms,
Nor poyſon'd *Indian* Dart;
But while engag'd in Hoſtile Arms,
I'll be inſpir'd by *Molly's* Charms,
With whom I leave my Heart.

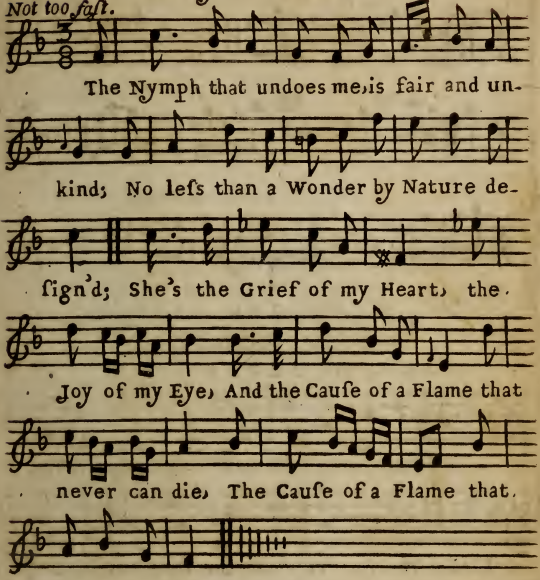
When having ſuffer'd an Exile,
And favour'd by the Wind;
Enrich'd with *Carolina's* ſpoyl,
And coaſting for my Native Iſle,
Perhaps ſhe'll then prove kind.

For the FLUTE.



CHARMING SILVIA.

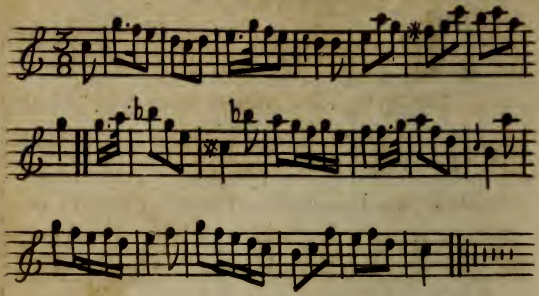
Set by Dr. GREEN.


Not too fast.
The Nymph that undoes me, is fair and un-
kind; No less than a Wonder by Nature de-
sign'd; She's the Grief of my Heart, the
Joy of my Eye, And the Cause of a Flame that
never can die, The Cause of a Flame that
never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;
Love and *Destiny* both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess:
In *Silvia* they meet; so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

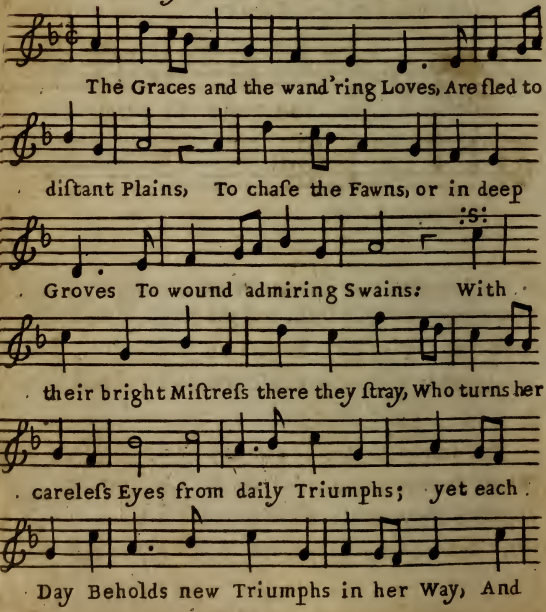
For the FLUTE.

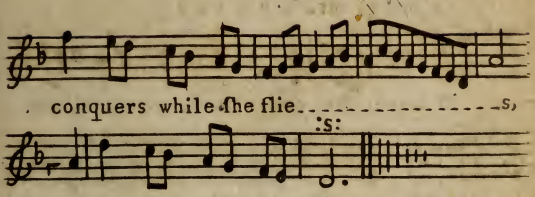


The WAND'RING BEAUTY.

By IOHN HUGHES Eſq.

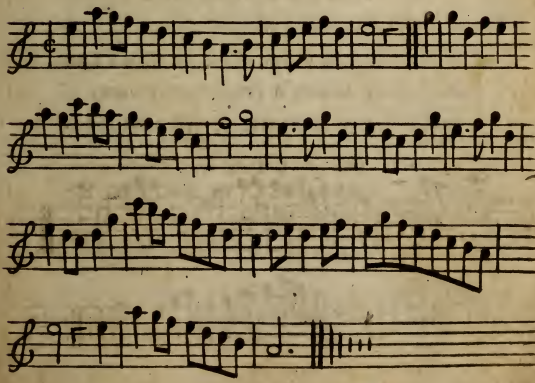
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


The Graces and the wand'ring Loves, Are fled to
diſtant Plains, To chaſe the Fawns, or in deep
Groves To wound admiring Swains: With
their bright Miſtreſs there they ſtray, Who turns her
careleſs Eyes from daily Triumphs; yet each
Day Beholds new Triumphs in her Way, And



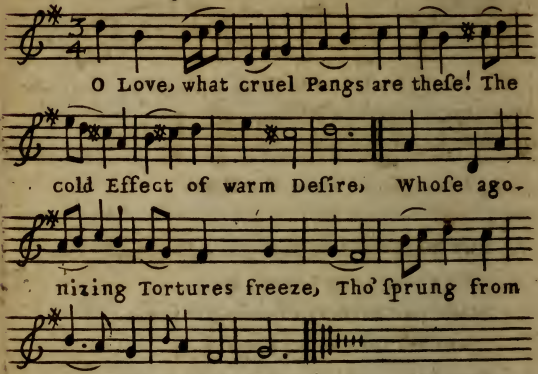
But see! implor'd by moving Pray'rs,
To change the Lover's Pain,
Venus her harness'd Doves prepares,
And brings the Fair again.
Proud Mortals, who this Maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign.
Cease, Fools, your Wishes to renew;
'Till she grows Flesh and Blood like you,
Or You, like her Divine.
Or You &c.

For the FLUTE.



The DESPAIRING LOVER.

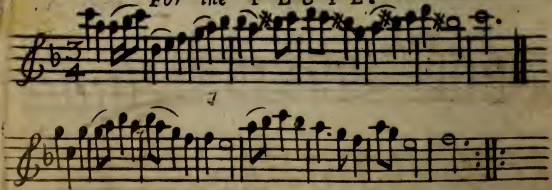
Set by Mr. TREVERS.


O Love, what cruel Pangs are theſe! The
cold Effect of warm Deſire, Whoſe ago-
nizing Tortures freeze, Tho' ſprung from
your prevailing Eyes.

Her Abſence gave exceeding Pain;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You, ſtill reſolv'd I ſhou'd complain,
With Jealouſy augment my Grief.

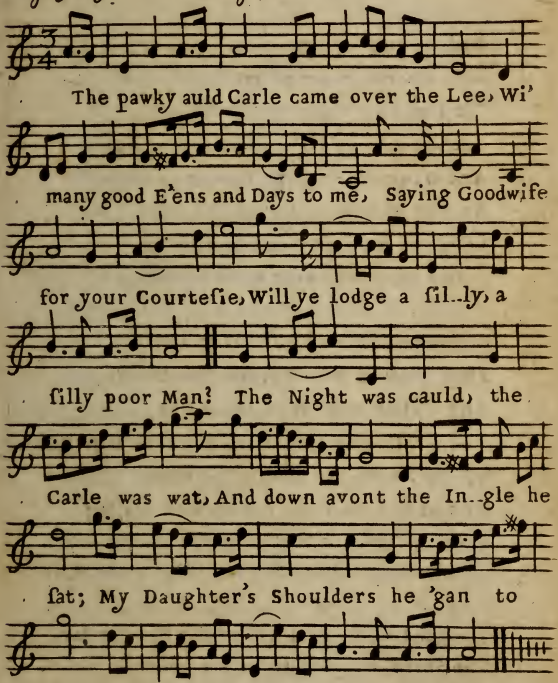
Too bitter is the Lover's Part,
When ſever'd from his Fair One's Eyes;
But if he's baniſh'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Deſpair, at once he dies.

For the FLUTE.



The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

The Words and Tune compos'd by King JAMES V. *of Scotland, on occasion of an Adventure of his in Diſguiſe after a Country Girl.*


The pawky auld Carle came over the Lee, Wi'
many good E'ens and Days to me, Saying Goodwife
for your Courteſie, Will ye lodge a ſil..ly, a
ſilly poor Man? The Night was cauld, the
Carle was wat, And down avont the In..gle he
ſat; My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to
clap, And cadgily ranted, ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never, never think lang.

He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'n,
When wooing, wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
And awa' awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quoth ſhe, ann I were as white
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
And awa', awa', with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raiſe a Wee before the Cock,
And wylily they ſhot the Lock,
And faſt, and faſt to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raiſe,
And at her Leiſure pat on her Claiſe;
Syne to the Servants Bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer, to ſpeer for the ſilly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome, for ſome of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and ſome to Kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd, I've lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the Houſe, Laſs, and waken my Bairn,
And bid her, bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her Goodwife can ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O ſy gar ride, and ſy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe Traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' Horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay, but ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

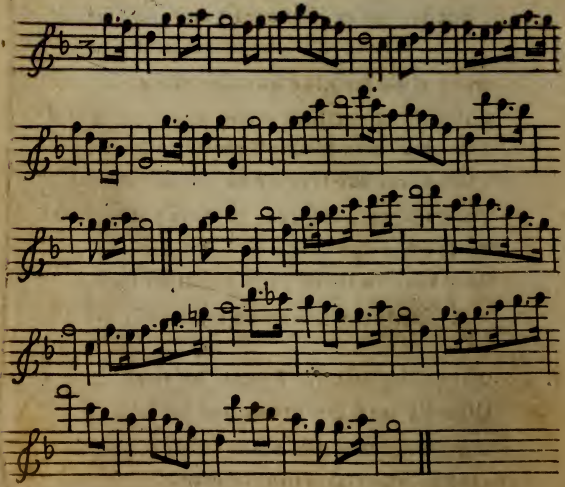
Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' ſnug in a Glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
Cut frae, cut frae a new Cheſe a Whang:
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
Quo' ſhe, To leave thee *I* will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her Mou,
Sic a poor Man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.

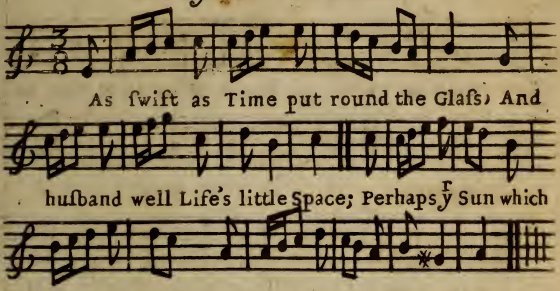
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,
To follow me fra Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple, or Blind they will ca' me,
While we, while we shall be merry and sing.

For the FLUTE.



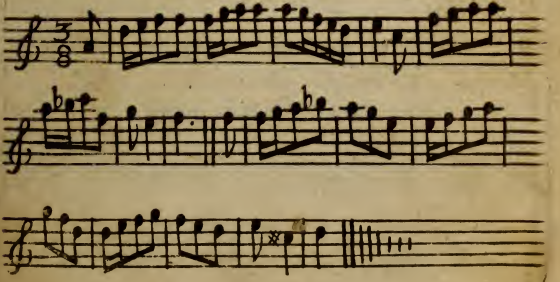
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


As ſwift as Time put round the Glaſs, And
husband well Life's little Space; Perhaps ſy Sun which
ſhines ſo bright, May ſet in everlaſting Night.

Or if the Sun again ſhou'd riſe,
Death, ere the Morn, may cloſe our Eyes.
Then drink before it be too late,
And ſnatch the preſent Hour from Fate.

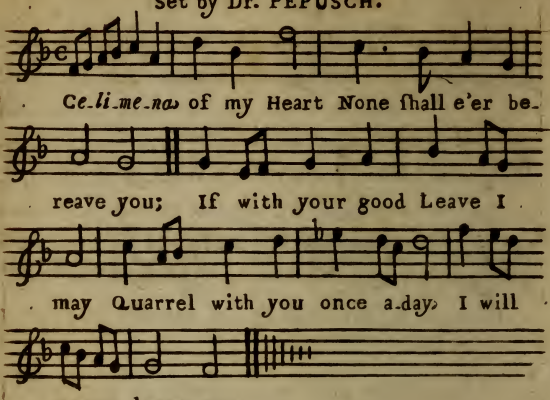
Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,
Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound.
In theſe alone True Wiſdom lies,
For to be Merry's to be Wiſe.

For the FLUTE.



A DIALOGUE *between* DAMON *and* CELIMENA.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


Ce-li-me-na, of my Heart None ſhall e'er be-
reave you; If with your good Leave I
may Quarrel with you once a-day, I will
never leave you.

CELIMENA.

Paſſion's but an empty Name,
Where Reſpect is wanting:
Damon, you miſtake your Aim,
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you muſt be ranting.

DAMON.

Love as dull and muddy is
As decaying Liquor:
Anger ſets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
'Till it works the quicker.

CELIMENA.

Love by Quarrels to beget
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physician's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit,
Put me in a Fever.

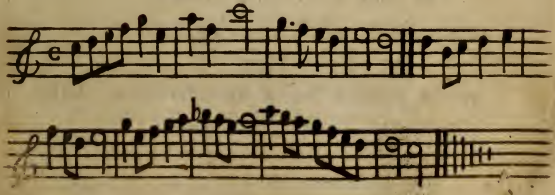
DAMON.

Anger rouzes Love to fight,
And his only Bait is;
'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,
And is but an eager Bite,
When Desire at Height is.

CELIMENA.

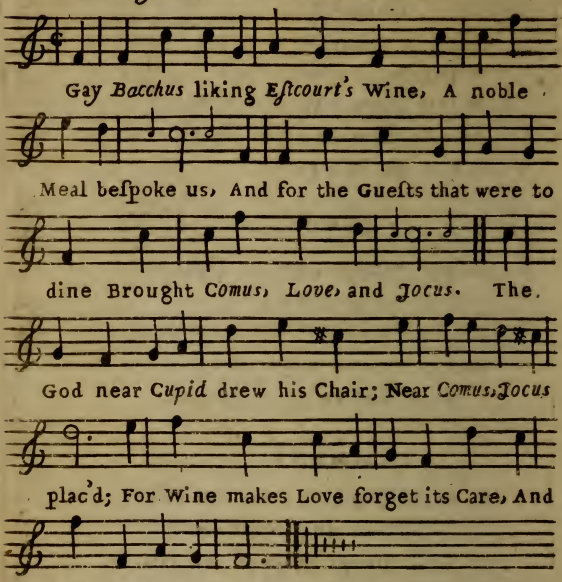
If such Drops of Heat can fall
In our wooing Weather,
If such Drops of Heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

For the FLUTE.



ANACREONTICK.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.


Gay *Bacchus* liking *Eſtcourt's* Wine, A noble
Meal beſpoke us, And for the Gueſts that were to
dine Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*. The
God near *Cupid* drew his Chair; Near *Comus*, *Jocus*
plac'd; For Wine makes Love forget its Care, And
Mirth exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging *Grace*
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.
Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky;
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
When-e'er he miſs'd the Toaſt.
They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And, if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid they did ſo then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits,
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits:
And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus'* Ways;
And Tales without a Jeſt;
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet them all at Odds;
And, had I *Homer's* Pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.
To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em ſoon agree;
Nay, had the *Furies* Selves been nigh,
They ſtill were Three to Three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow;
But kept ſome Darts to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Jocus took *Comus'* roſie Crown,
And gaily wore the Prize,
And thrice, in Mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

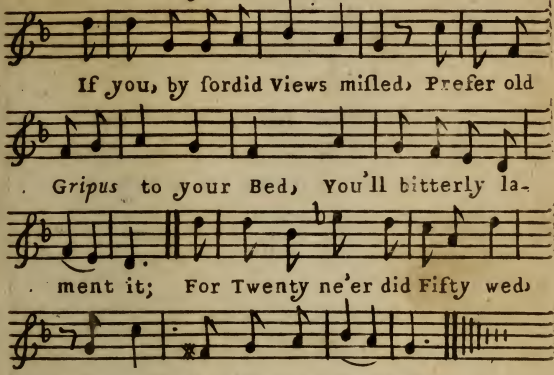
Then *Cupid* ſought the Myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* did recline;
And *Venus* cloſe embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at Wine.
And *Comus* loudly curſing Wit,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit,
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, ſtill behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;
They Kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.
But part in Time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive Song;
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

GOOD ADVICE

To a YOUNG LADY *about to marry an* OLD MAN.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


If you, by sordid Views misled, Prefer old
Gripus to your Bed, You'll bitterly la-
ment it; For Twenty ne'er did Fifty wed,
But both did soon re-pent it.

His Peevishness, and Thirst of Gain,
Wou'd of each *China* Cup complain;
Each Ribbon, Patch, and Pinner;
And **Tit*, and **Brisk*, must ne'er again
Eat from your Plate at Dinner.

Alarm'd by groundless Jealousy,
He'd to each random Word apply
Some base Interpretation;
Each meanless Smile, or casual Sigh,
Wou'd be an Assignation.

**A favourite* Cat *and* Dog.

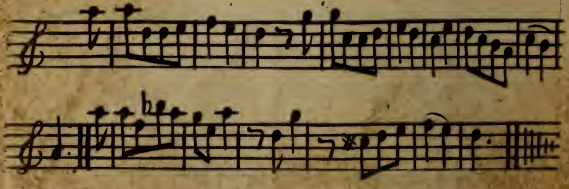
Or tho' you're from theſe Torments free,
Indulg'd all Day in Viſits, Tea,
And all that you petition;
Ev'n then, alas! all Night you'd be
But in a poor Condition.

For then he'd all Endearments ſhun,
And vainly boaſt what Feats were done,
When he was Young and Mighty;
But now, alas! thoſe Days are gone,
And ſo, my Dear, Good-Night t'ye.

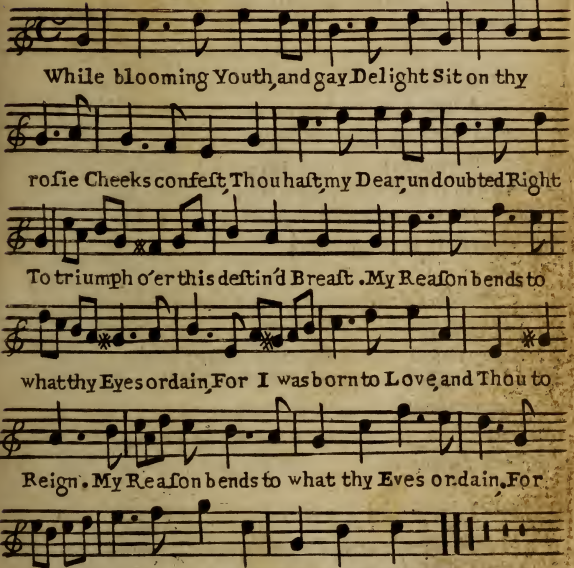
But if, by Inclination led,
A Youth of equal Bloom you wed,
No Cares by Day will teaze ye;
At Night ſuch Joys will bleſs your Bed,
As cannot fail to pleaſe ye.

While therefore you to chuſe are free,
Chuſe One whoſe Years with yours agree,
By Love alone directed;
Aſſur'd that happy Days may be
From happy Nights expected.

For the FLUTE.



An Ode Set by Dr. Green.


While blooming Youth, and gay Delight Sit on thy
rosie Cheeks confest, Thou hast my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast. My Reason bends to
what thy Eyes ordain, For I was born to Love, and Thou to
Reign. My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain, For
I was born to Love and thou to Reign.

But would You meanly thus rely,
On Power, You know I must Obey
Exert a Legal Tyranny:
And do an Ill because You may
Still must I Thee as Atheists Heav'n adore.
Not see thy Mercy and yet dread thy Pow'r
Still must I &c.

Take heed my Dear Youth flies apace.
As well as Cupid Time is blind:
Soon must those Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find.

The Thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag thir Wings, and die.
The Thousand, &c.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears.
And putting peevish Humours on,
Seems but the sad Effect of Years.
Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove
To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love.
Kindness it self, &c.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows
Will shew Thee Just above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will settle into cold Respect.
A talking dull Platonic I shall turn,
Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.
A talking, &c.

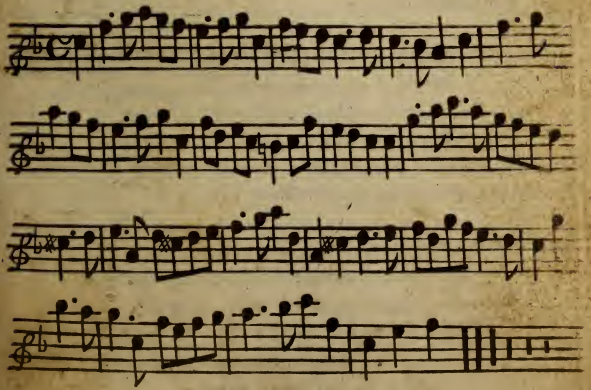
Then shun the Ill and know my Dear,
Kindness and Constancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vast a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canst wish to make My Flames endure
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.
If thou canst, &c.

Hast, Celia, haste while Youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present Voice.
Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys.
Let Millions of repeated Blisses prove
That Thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.
Let Millions &c.

Be Mine and only Mine, take care,
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
To Me alone, nor come so far
As liking any Youth beside.
What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em, and believe
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted Eve.
What Men &c.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age:
So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love.
So Time it self &c.

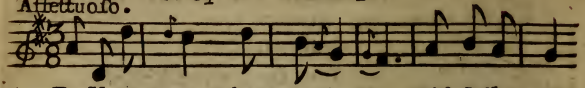
FLUTE.



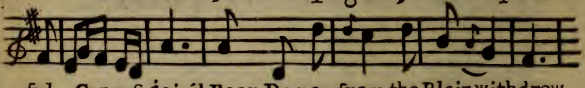
THE PANGS of FORSAKEN LOVE.

Set by Dr. GREEN.

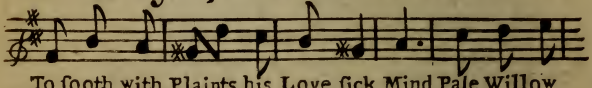
Affettuoso.



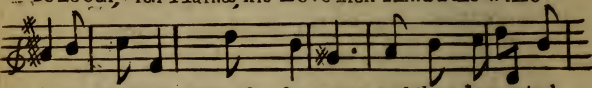
To silent Groves, where weeping Yew, With sadly mourn



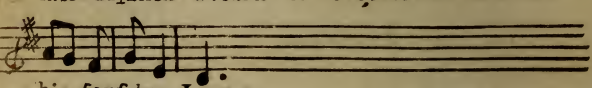
ful Cypress join'd, Poor Damon from the Plain withdrew,



To sooth, with Plaints, his Love sick Mind Pale Willow



into Mystick Wreaths he wove, And thus lamented



his forsaken Love.

How lately, Celia, artful Maid,
With Arms entwined, did we walk
Beneath the close unpierced Shade,
Beguiling Time with am'rous Talk;
But that, alas! is past....and I must prove
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

But think not, Celia, I will bear,
With dull Submission, all the Smart;
No...I'll at once drive out Despair,
And thy lov'd Image from my Heart
All Arts, all Charms I'll practise to remove
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Bacchus, with greeneſt Ivy crown'd
Hither repair with all thy Train,
And chaſe the jovial Goblet round,
For Celia triumphs in my Pain;
With generous Wine aſſiſt me to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Could Reaſon be ſo drown'd in Wine,
As never to revive again,
How happy were this Heart of mine,
Reliev'd at once of all its Pain:
But Reaſon ſtill, with Love, returns to prove
The Torment laſting of forſaken Love.

Bring me the Girl, whoſe generous Soul
Kindles at the circling Bowl,
Whoſe ſparkling Eye, with wanton Fire,
Shoots thro' my Blood a Fierce Deſire;
For ev'ry Art I'll practiſe, to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

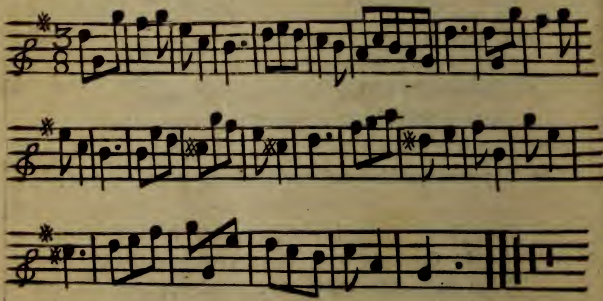
And what is all this tranſient Flame,
'Tis but a Blaze, and ſeen no more;
A Blaze that lights us to our Shame,
And robs us of a gay Fourſcore:
Reaſon again with Love returns to prove
The Torment laſting of forſaken Love.

Hark, how the jolly Huntſman's Cries
In Concert with the opening Hounds,
Rend the wide Concave of the Skies,
And tire dul Echo with their Sounds:
Thou, Phœbe Goddeſs of the Chaſe, remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Ah me! the ſprighly-bounding Doe,
The Chaſe, and ev'ry thing I view,
Still to my Mind recalls my Woe;
So Celia flies, ſo I purſue:
So rooted here, no Arts can e'er remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

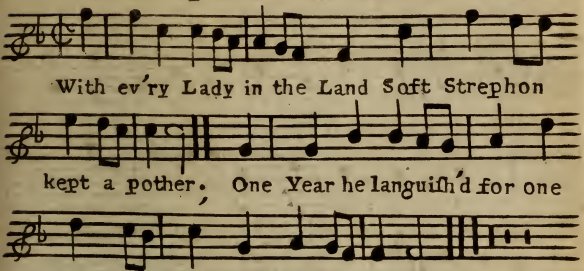
Then back, poor Damon, to thy Grove,
Since nought prevails to eaſe thy Pain.
Let Conſtancy thy Flame improve,
And Patience anſwer her Diſdain:
So Gratitude may Celia's Paſſion move,
To pity and reward thy conſtant Love.

Flute.



STREPHON and FLAVIA.

Set by Dr. PEPUSH.



Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reserv'd demure than Snow more cold
She scorn'd the gentle Boy.

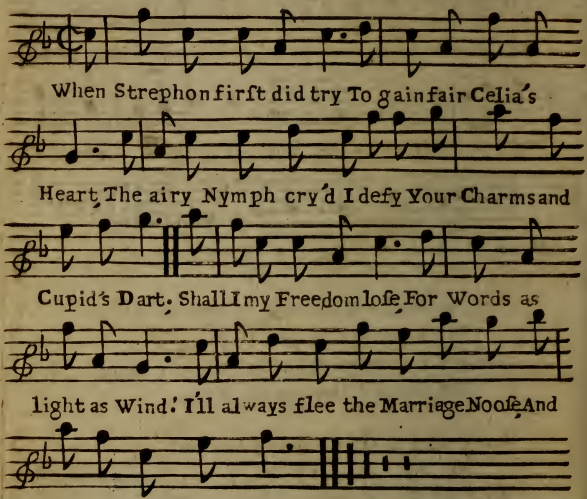
Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain.
She blush'd and frown'd and swore
With all the Marks of high Disdain
She'd never hear him more.

The Swain persisted still to pray,
The Nymph still to deny,
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay.
He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,
And rush'd from out the Room,
Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate
And lay with Ralph at home.

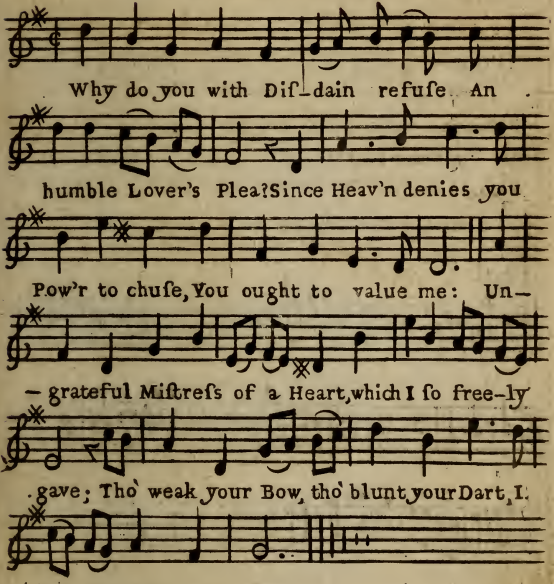
STREPHON and CELIA.

By the Reverend M.r GEO. ARNET.


When Strephon first did try To gain fair Celia's
Heart, The airy Nymph cry'd I defy Your Charms and
Cupid's Dart. Shall I my Freedom lose, For Words as
light as Wind. I'll always flee the Marriage Noose, And
to my self prove kind.

But Time, which all subdues
Such deep Impressions made,
That she who swears, protests, and vows
Her Heart shan't be betray'd
Her Words retracts. She now can love,
And promise to obey:
Young Strephon does most constant prove;
They kiss and fix the Day.

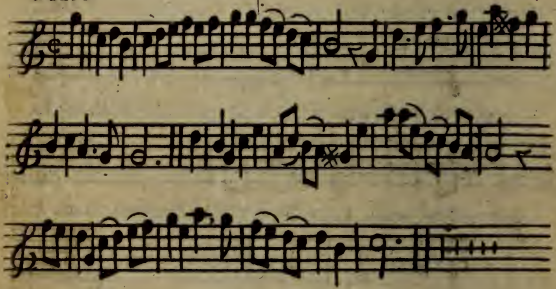
To a Lady *more Cruel than Fair Set by* Mr. Leveridge


Why do you with Dif-dain refuſe An
humble Lover's Plea? Since Heav'n denies you
Pow'r to chuſe, You ought to value me: Un-
-grateful Miſtreſs of a Heart, which I ſo free-ly
gave; Tho' weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart, I
quickly fell your Slave.

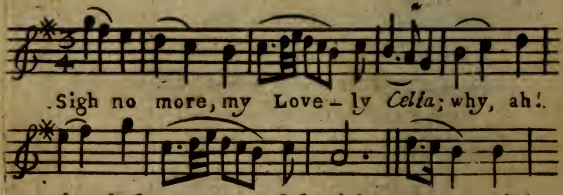
Nor was I weary of your Reign,
'Till you a Tyrant grew,
And ſeem'd regardleſs of my Pain,
As Nature ſeem'd of you.
When Thouſands with unerring Eyes,
Your Beauty wou'd decry,
What Graces did my Love deviſe,
To give their Truths the Lie?

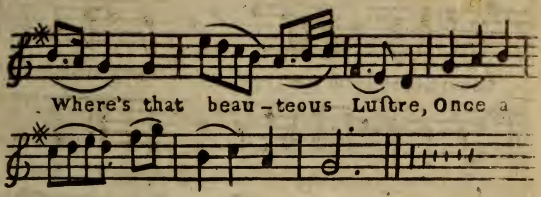
To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms;
In you my Heav'n I plac'd;
Propoſing Pleaſures in your Arms,
Which none but I cou'd taſte.
For me t'admire, at ſuch a Rate,
A Face ſo foul will prove
You have as little Cauſe to Hate,
As I had Cauſe to Love.

Flute



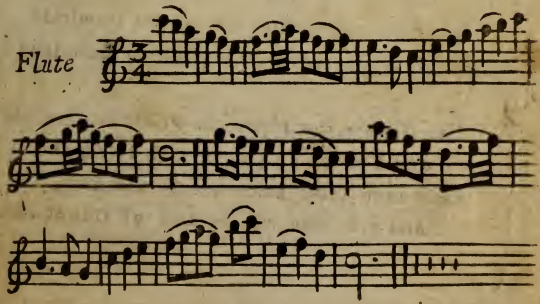
Celia *Sighing. by* Mr. A. Bradley.



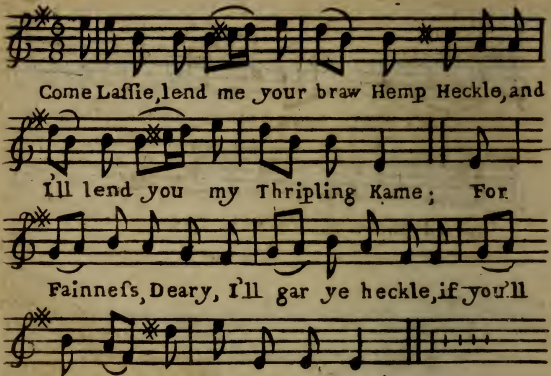


See how briny Floods o'er-whelm them,
Breaking on the bluſhing Shore,
And like Summer's Dew on Lillies,
Deck the Boſom I adore.

Flowers form'd by Nature drooping,
Yet their fragrant Odours riſe;
And my *Celia*, tho' ſhe's weeping,
Hath thoſe Charms ſhe can't diſguiſe.



The Bob of *Dunblane*

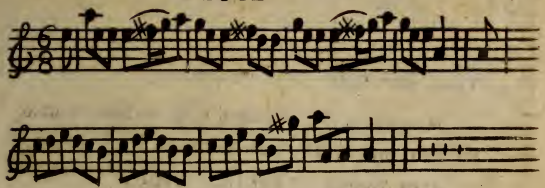

Come Laſſie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle, and
I'll lend you my Thripling Kame; For
Fainneſs, Deary, I'll gar ye heckle, if you'll
go dance the *Bob* of Dunblane.

Haſte ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
Conſider in Time, if Leading of Monkies,
Be better than dancing the *Bob* of Dunblane.

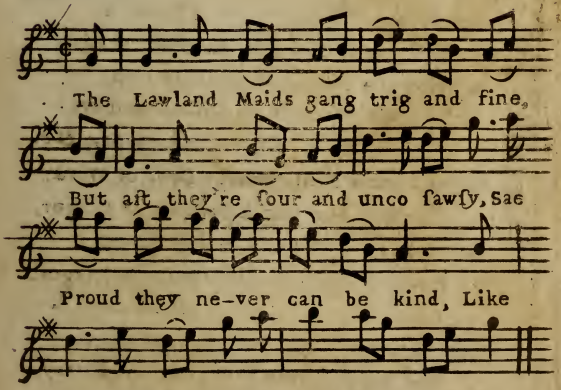
Be frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And tak my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
Ye didna accept of the *Bob* of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown Dowie with lying alane;
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob* of Dunblane.

FLUTE



The Highland Laſſie.


The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco ſawſy, Sae
Proud they ne-ver can be kind, Like
my good-hu-mour'd High-land Laſ-ſie.

O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My lovely Smiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

Than ony Lass in *Borronstown*,
Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katie* but a Gown,
Bare footed in her little Cotie.
O my bony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my Dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighteren Heart gangs pittle-pattie
O my bony, &c.

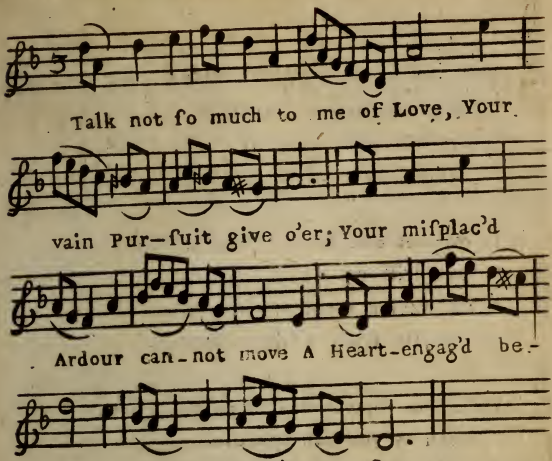
O'er Highest heathery Hills I'll stenn,
With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
To drive the Deer out of their Den,
To feast my Lass on Dishes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by Deed or Word,
Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
While I can Wield my trusty Sword,
Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,
To range with me; let great Fowk gloom,
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.

O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
My lovely smiling Highland Lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

Cloes *Advice to* Strephon. *Set by* Mr Webber


Talk not so much to me of Love, Your
vain Pur-suit give o'er; Your misplac'd
Ardour can-not move A Heart-engag'd be-
-fore, A Heart en-gag'd be-fore

No more of Cruelty complain,
Nor *Cloe*'s Breast accuse
For Want of Pity to a Swain,
When Honour bids, Refuse.

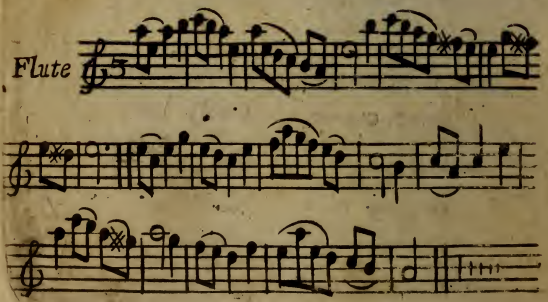
Let some more worthy Virgin Dame,
Whose Charms all lovely are,
Be Mistress of your gen'rous Flame;
She may reward your Care.

Or ſome brisk ſprightly Widow may,
With Affluence ſupply'd,
Your Suit with grateful Senſe repay,
Which *Cloe* has deny'd.

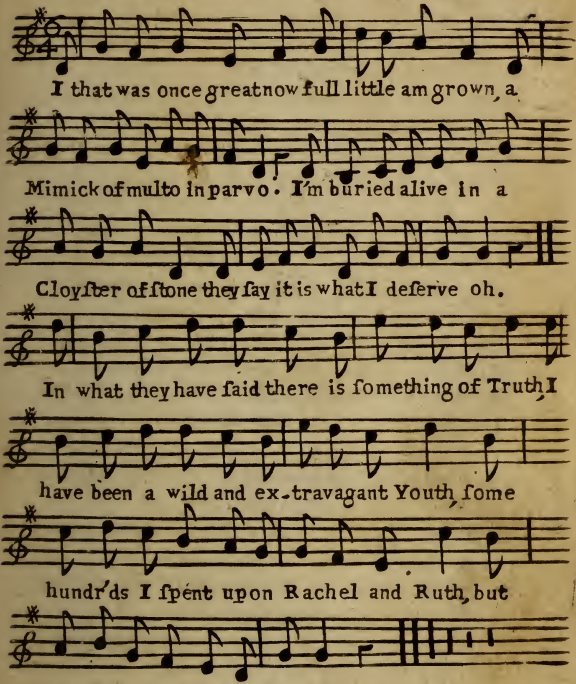
If Neither can your Thoughts employ,
But ſtill on me you gaze,
Cloe's Advice receive with Joy,
And fly from *Cupid's* Maze.

Haſte! to ſome peaceful Dome retire,
Such as you oft approve;
Examine well your fond Deſire,
And diſcipline your Love.

And if my wand'ring Steps incline
To your ſad, lonely Cell;
My Soul, and every Thought ſhall join,
To wiſh poor *Strephon* well!



The Fantastick Prodigal.


I that was once great now full little am grown, a
Mimick of multo in parvo. I'm buried alive in a
Cloyster of stone they say it is what I deserve oh.
In what they have said there is something of Truth I
have been a wild and ex-travagant Youth, some
hundr'ds I spent upon Rachel and Ruth, but
now I am got in-to Limbo.

This song which I bring you is absolute true,
Then mark well my woefull Condition,
It is of my self give the Devil his Due,
I wish I may make an Impression,
On the hardned Hearts of all prodigal Beaus,
For Friends let me tell you now under the Rose,
Such whom you have feasted will be your worst Foes,
If ever you fall into Limbo.

3

My Father and Mother tis very well known,
They left me abundance of Riches,
But I was so wild and extravagant grown,
That daily I furnished my Breeches,
With Guineas and then to the Tavern I'd stray,
As fine as a Fop or a Fool at a Play,
I thought in my Heart it would never be Day,
But now I am got into Limbo.

4

My Father he left 500 a Year,
My Mother she left me her Joynter,
And every Acre from Morgage was clear,
But I was a Bottle and Pointer,
Still Field after Field to Market I sent,
My Acres I sold and the Mony I spent,
My Heart was so hard it would never relent,
Till now I am got into Limbo.

5

My Land with abundance of old Fashion Plate!
In short I sent packing together,
And drest my self up in a Pagent of state,
In powderd Wigg Hat and Feather,
With Hawks Hounds and Whores and fine ambling Nags,
I reveld about till I empty'd my Bags,
My gay coat is turnd to contemptable Rags,
Beside I am clapt up in Limbo.

6

I us'd for to vaunt as if I would fly,
Or strut like a Crow in a Gutter,
The People woud cry where as I past by:
There goes Master fopling flutter,
Like top and top gallant I hoisted my sail,
My Rapier Muff Ribons with Wigg of two tails,
But now I am ready to knaw my own Nails,
Confind to a Chamber in Limbo.

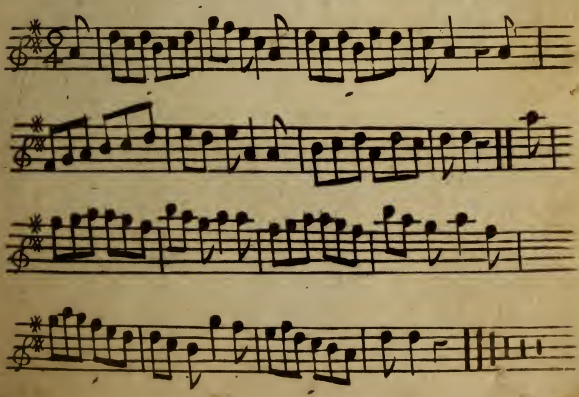
7

My time and my Mony I wastefully spent,
On furbelow'd Ladys of pleasure,
The cunning young Gipses would sit and invent,
Which way I might squander my Treasure,
What ever they ask'd I would presently get,
Rich Garments or Daintys their pallets to fit,
They made a meer oaf of an absolute Witt,
But now I am got into Limbo.

8

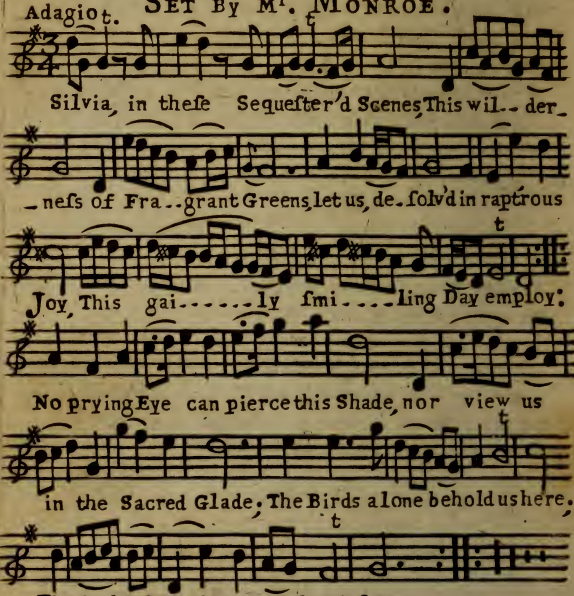
I kept me a brace of as delicate Jades,
As ever brought nine Pence to nothing,
My credit I Morgag'd with several Trades,
To treat them with Meat Drink and Cloathing,
My Gold smith with Jewels Chains Lockets and Rings,
And other with Laces and rich Bridal strings,
I'd pleasure my Doxes with fifty fine things,
For which I am clapt up in Limbo..

FLUTE.



THE RETIREMENT. Taken from the Journal

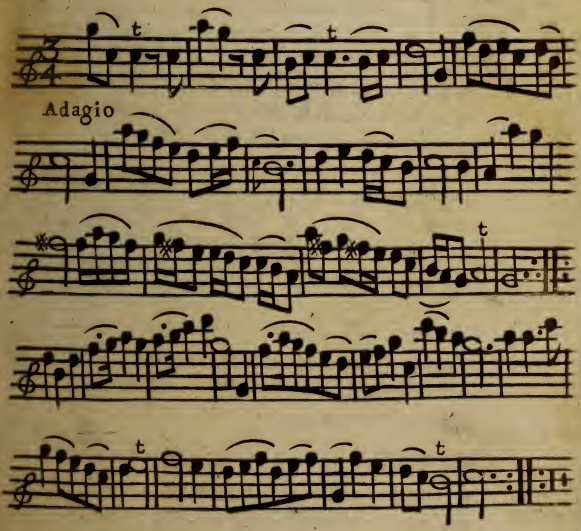
SET BY Mr. MONROE.


Adagio
Silvia, in these Sequester'd Scenes This wil-- der-
-ness of Fra--grant Greens, let us, de-fold'd in rapt'rous
Joy, This gai-----ly smi----ling Day employ.
No prying Eye can pierce this Shade, nor view us
in the Sacred Glade, The Birds alone behold us here.
The faithful Birds we need not fear.

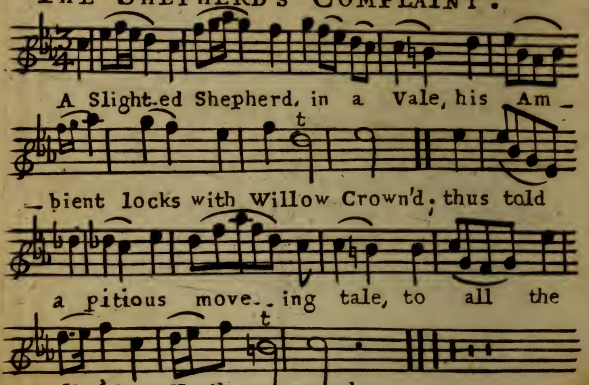
Lo! yon fair Stream, with wanton arms,
The Meadow folds, fond of her Charms,
And glides in mazy circles round,
As loth to leave th'enchanted ground.
Flora by Zephir is caress'd;
The Balmy Breeze inflames my Breast,
A thousand spicy Odours rise,
And all around perfume the Skies.

Here conquering Love in Triumph reigns,
Ador'd by happy Nymphs and Swains:
This Carpet ground is trode by none,
That do not his Dominion own.
In this retreat, where all conspire,
To fan the genial amorous fire,
Will you alone, my Silvia prove,
A Rebell to the Pow'r of Love.

Flute.



THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.


A Slight-ed Shepherd, in a Vale, his Am-
-bient locks with Willow Crown'd, thus told
a pitious move-ing tale, to all the
list'ning Youth a round.

My dear Companions of the Plain,
Who Sees the woes that I endure:
Know Myra's falshood gives this pain,
And none but She alas can cure.

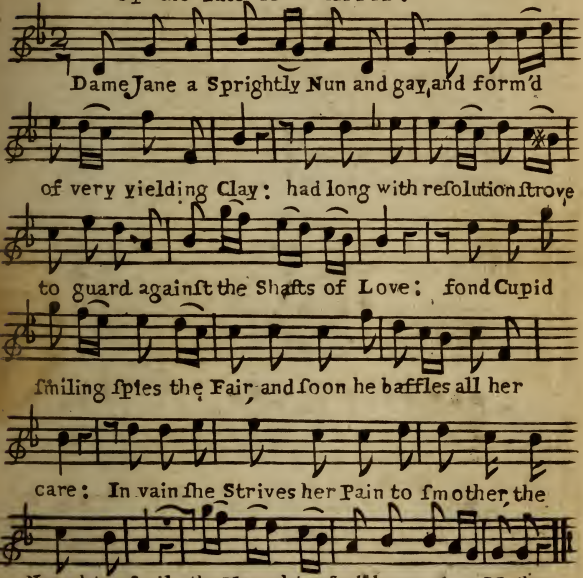
Her plighted vows to me she gave,
That mine and only mine She'd be.
And nothing but the Silent Grave,
Shoud e'er devide her Love from me.

But now ah Curse on Shineing Pelf,
Rich Lycons Gold has charmd the maid.
And Myra prizes more his wealth,
Than all the vows to me she paid.

The Storms of Sighs broke from his breast,
His faultring tongue still Myra cries:
His tender Heart with greif Opprest,
Drove floods of Sorrows from his eyes.

Till friendly Death by ſlow degrees,
While big round drops be dew'd his face;
Poor Strephon from his woes he frees,
And leaves him breath-leſs on the place.

THE PENITENT NUN. Set to MUSICK by the late MR. HAYM.

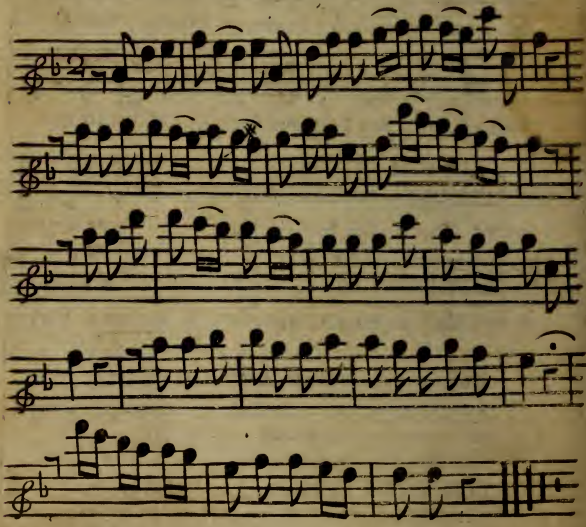

Dame Jane a Sprightly Nun and gay, and form'd
of very yielding Clay: had long with reſolution ſtrove
to guard againſt the Shafts of Love: fond Cupid
ſmiling ſpies the Fair, and ſoon he baffles all her
care: In vain ſhe Strives her Pain to ſmother, the
Nymph too frail, the Nymph too frail becomes a Mother.

But now theſe little follies o'er,
She firmly vows Sheel Sin no more,
No more to guilt will fall a Prey,
But ſpend in Prayer each fleeting Day,
Cloſe in her Cell immur'd ſhe lies,
Nor from the Croſs removes her eyes.

While Sisters crouding at the grate,
Spend all their time in worldly prate.

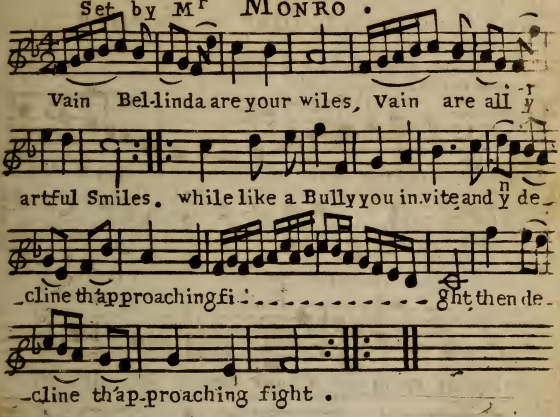
The Abbess overjoy'd to find,
This happy change in Jennys mind,
The rest with Air compos'd addressing:
Daughters! if you expect a Blessing;
From pious Jane example take,
The world and all it's joys forsake,
We will they all replied as one,
But first let's do as Jane has done.

FLUTE.



A Song in the Temple Beau

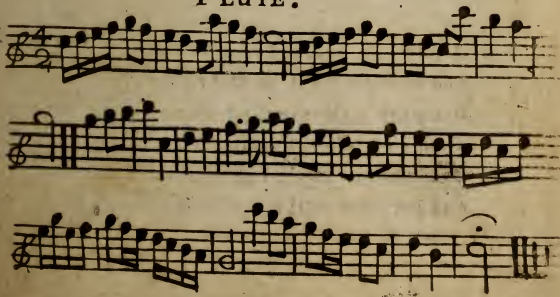
Set by Mr Monro.


Vain Bel-linda are your wiles, Vain are all ty
artful Smiles. while like a Bully you in.vite and y de
cline th'approaching fi ght then de
cline th'ap-proaching fight.

Various are the little Arts,
Which you uſe to Conquer Hearts.
By empty threats he wou'd Affright,
And you by empty hopes invite.

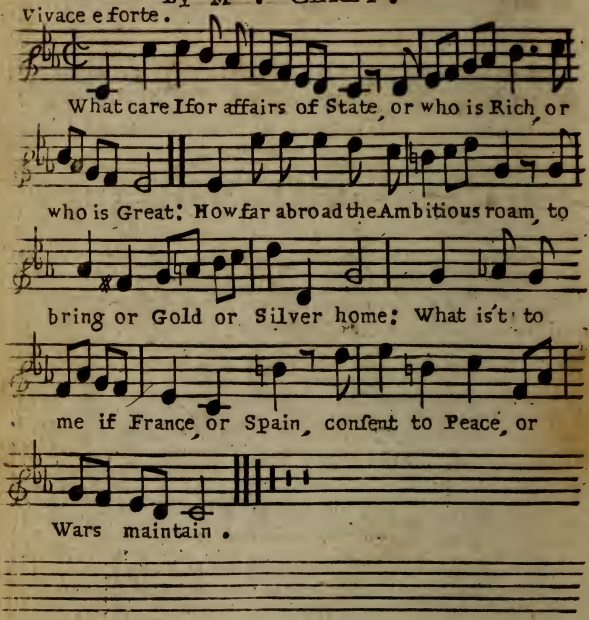
Cowards may by him be Brav'd,
Fops may be by you enſlav'd,
Then woud he Vanquiſh or you bind,
He muſt be brave and you be kind.

Flute.

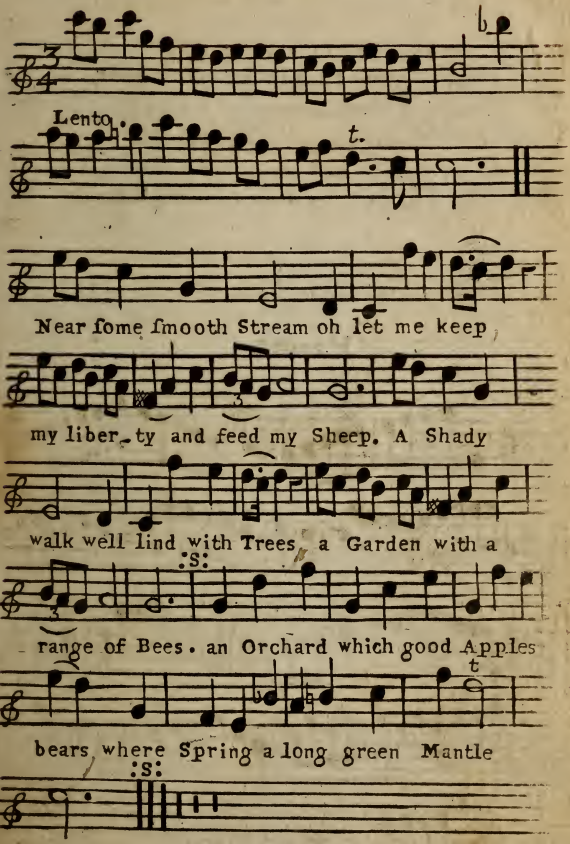


THE CONTENTED COUNTRY FARMER

By Mr. CAREY.

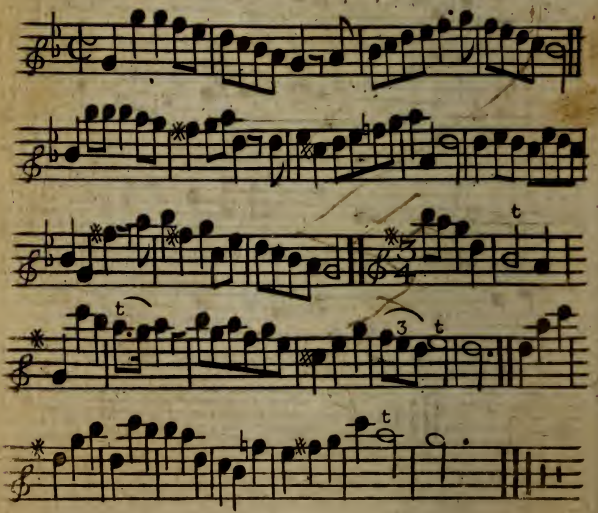

Vivace e forte.
What care I for affairs of State, or who is Rich or
who is Great: How far abroad the Ambitious roam, to
bring or Gold or Silver home: What is't to
me if France or Spain, consent to Peace or
Wars maintain.

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wish all well at Gibraltar:
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other Scarlet Whore.
Grant me ye Pow'rs but health and rest,
And let who will the World contest.


Lento.
Near ſome ſmooth Stream oh let me keep
my liber-ty and feed my Sheep. A Shady
walk well lind with Trees, a Garden with a
range of Bees. an Orchard which good Apples
bears, where Spring a long green Mantle
wears.

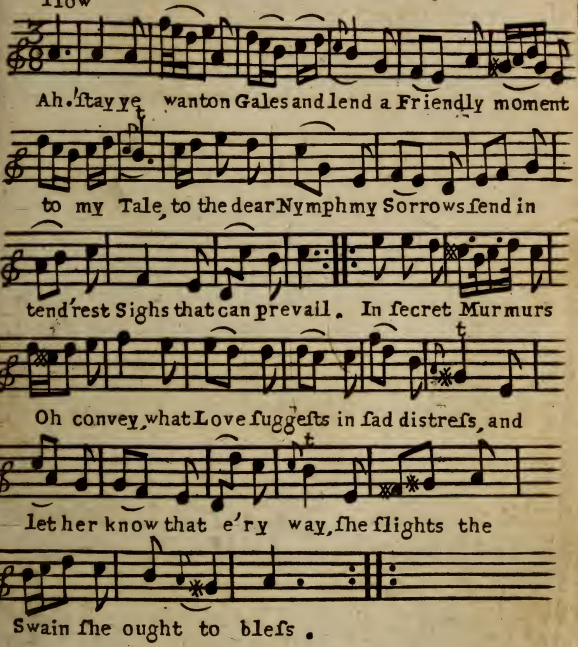
Where Winters never are ſevere,
Good Barly Land, to make good Bear,
With Entertainment for a friend,
To ſpend in peace my latter end,
In honeſt eaſe, and home ſpun grey,
And let the Evening Crown the Day.

Flute.



The Amorous Swains Complaint

BY Mr. MONROE.


flow
Ah. ſtay ye wanton Gales and lend a Friendly moment
to my Tale, to the dear Nymph my Sorrows ſend in
tend'reſt Sighs that can prevail. In ſecret Murmurs
Oh convey what Love ſuggeſts in ſad diſtreſs, and
let her know that e'ry way, ſhe ſlights the
Swain ſhe ought to bleſs.

2

Or if the Winds refuſe to bear,
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid:
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And Guard my Heart from being betray'd,
Propitious Heav'n. direct my ſteps,
To the Bleſs'd Manſion where my Dear,
Each day ſhe wakes each night ſhe ſleeps,
With pitty may my Paſſion hear.

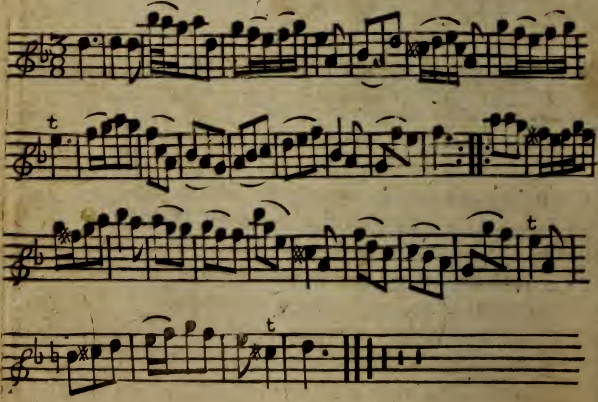
3

Within her downy Arms Embrac't,
I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare,
My Lipps seal'd to her Fragrant breast
O'erflowing Blessing let me share:
Or shou'd the Deities refuse,
Immediate Aid to my request,
Her let me not for ever lose,
But soon or late let me be Blest,

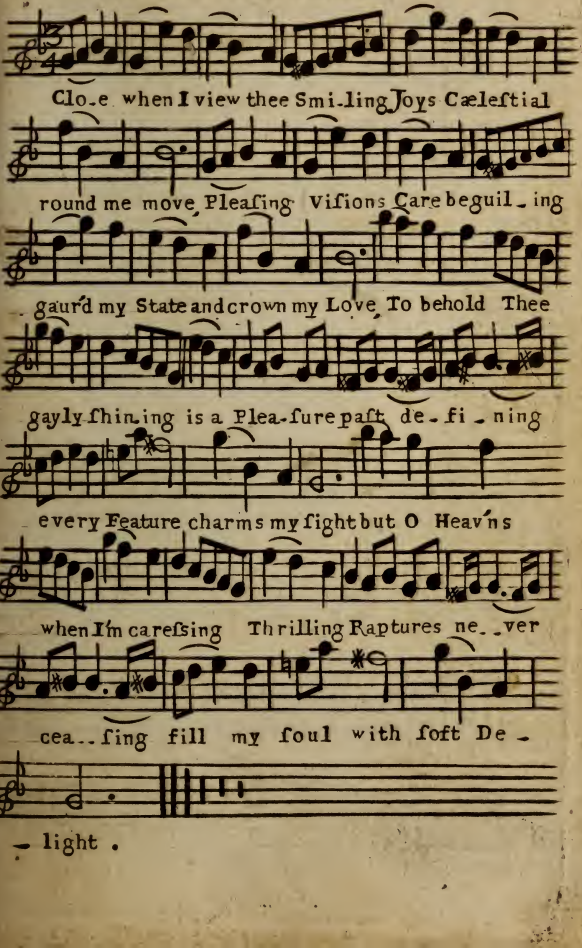
4

In Pleasing Dreams let tender Love,
Invade her sleep and let her know,
O Cupid and Almighty Jove,
How much for her I undergo.
On her lov'd Bosom Night and Day,
Where interruption finds no Rest,
There let me Breathe my Soul away
And bid adieu to Human Race.

FLUTE.



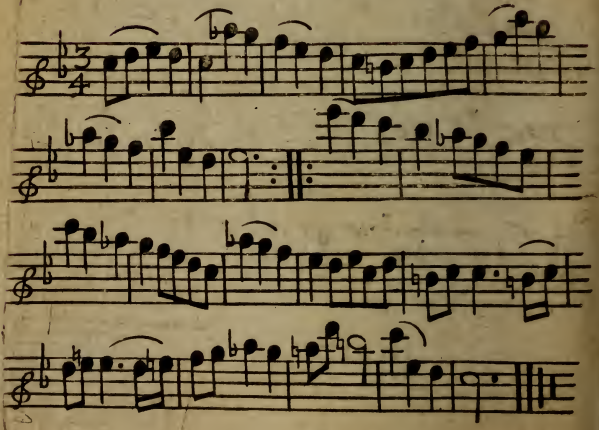
A Song To a Favourite Minuet of Mr. Handells.


Clo_e when I view thee Smi_ling Joys Cæleſtial
round me move Pleaſing Viſions Care beguil_ing
gaurd my State and crown my Love To behold Thee
gayly ſhin_ing is a Plea_ſure paſt de_ſi_ning
every Feature charms my ſight but O Heav'ns
when I'm careſsing Thrilling Raptures ne_ver
cea_ſing fill my ſoul with ſoft De_
light .

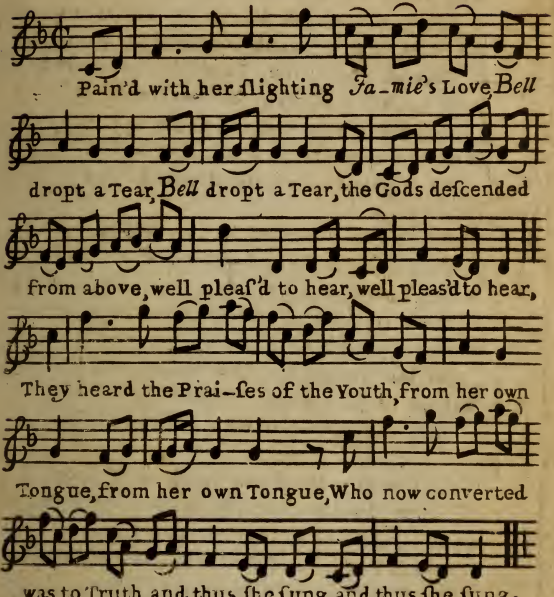
Oh thou Lovely deareſt Creature,
Sweeteſt Charmer Enſlaver of my Heart,
Beauteous Maſter Piece of Nature,
Cauſe of all my Joy and ſmart,
In thy Arms Enfolded lay me.

To diſsolving Bliſs Convey me,
Softly Sooth my Soul to reſt,
Gently Kindly Oh my Treaſure,
Bleſs me let me dye with Pleaſure,
On thy Panting Snowy Breaſt.

Flute.



The Lass of *Livingstone*


Pain'd with her slighting *Ja-mie's* Love *Bell*
drop't a Tear, *Bell* drop't a Tear, the Gods descended
from above, well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the Prai-ses of the Youth, from her own
Tongue, from her own Tongue, Who now converted
was to Truth, and thus she sung, and thus she sung.

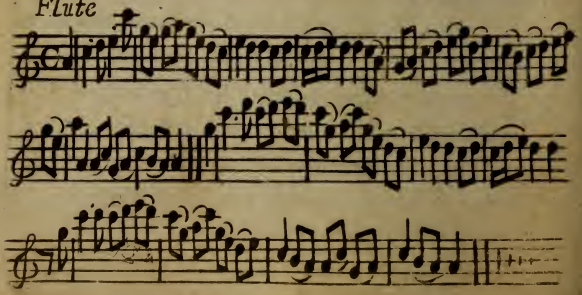
Blest Days! when our ingenious Sex,
More frank and kind, More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But spoke their Mind, But spoke their Mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return, Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn, Or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving Swain,
Yet still thought Shame, Yet still thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame, To own my Flame,
Why took I Pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy, And seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted Joy, My slighted Joy.

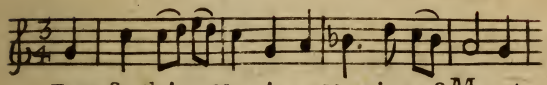
Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Desire, Own your Desire,
While Love's young Power, with his soft Wing,
Fans up the Fire, Fans up the Fire.
O do not with a silly Pride,
Or low Design, Or low Design,
Refuse to be a Happy Bride,
But answer plain, But answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes, With flowing Eyes;
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,
With sweet Surprize, With sweet Surprize.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd, His Mind unchang'd;
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd!

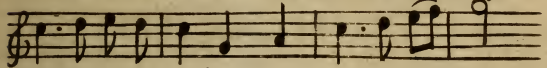
Flute



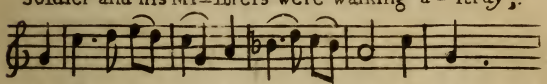
My Apron, Deary.



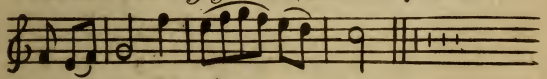
'Twas forth in a Morning, a Morning of *May*, A



Soldier and his Mi-ſtreſs were walking a-ſtray;



And low down by yon Meadow Brow, I heard a

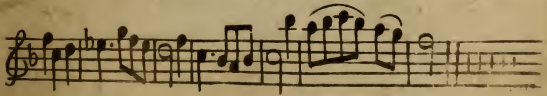


a Laſs cry, *My Apron now.*

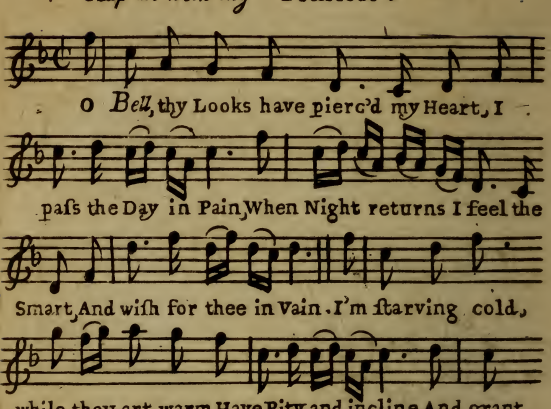
O had I ta'en Counſel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counſel of Siſter or Brother;
But I was a young Thing, and eaſy to wooe,
And my Belly bears up *my Apron now.*

Thy Apron, Deary, I muſt confeſs,
Is ſomething the ſhorter, tho' naething the leſs;
I only was wi' ye a Night or Two,
And yet you cry out, *My Apron now!*

Flute



Hap me with thy Petticoat.


O *Bell*, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I
pass the Day in Pain, When Night returns I feel the
Smart, And wish for thee in Vain. I'm starving cold,
while thou art warm, Have Pity and incline, And grant
me for a Hap that Charm-ing Pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those Pleasures, which can only cure
This panting Breast of mine.

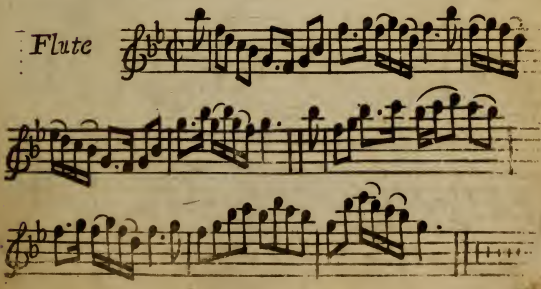
I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Passion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
That lovely Breast of thine;
Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,
If Thou and It were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
By hind'ring the Design.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my Chains, and set me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

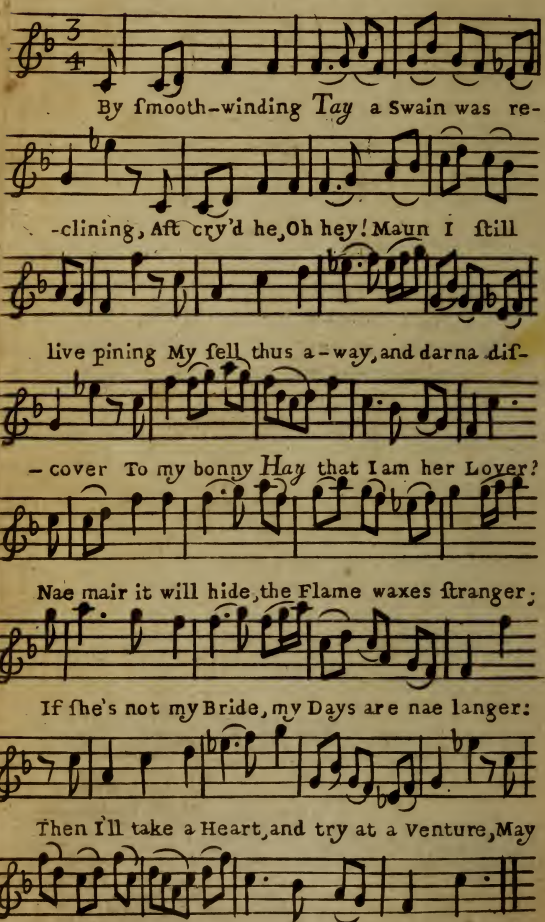
Other words to the same Tune

Whilst *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,
To me alone profest
Dissembled Passion, dress't like Truth,
He triumph'd in my Breast.
I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
Deny'd him not my Arms;
Deluded by his pleasing Art,
Transported with his Charms.

The Wand'rer now I lose, or share
With ev'ry lovely Maid.
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,
Shall have her own betray'd:
Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conquest gain;
Where one a Victim falls to Love,
A thousand Tyrants reign.



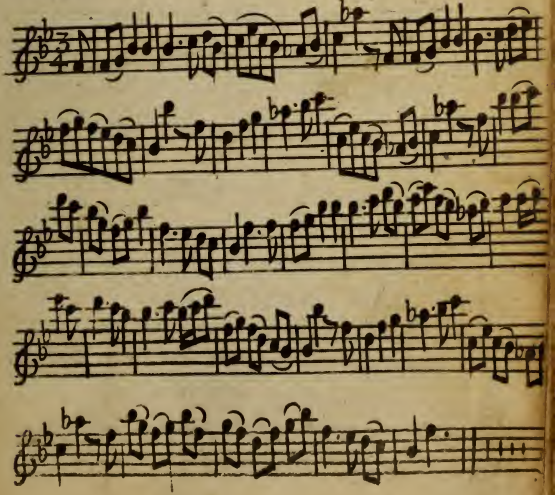
John Hay's *Bonny Laſsie*


By ſmooth-winding *Tay* a Swain was re-
-clining, Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I ſtill
live pining My ſell thus a-way, and darna diſ-
-cover To my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover?
Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture, May
be, ere we part, my Vows may con-tent her.

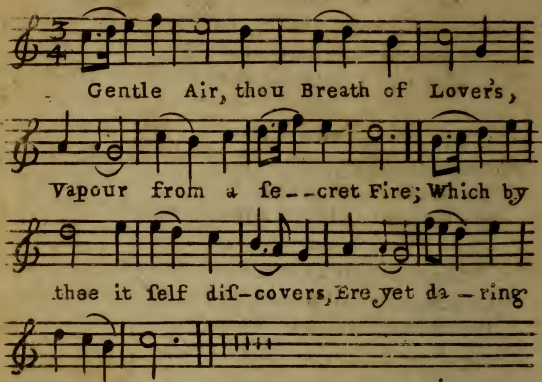
She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount & sing, bidding Day a good-morrow.
The Sward of the Mead, enamell'd with Daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear, where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flow'rs smell, e'y sweeter:
'Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eyes set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded,
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to caress ye,
For a' my Desire is *Hay*'s bonny Lassie.



A Sigh. *Set by* Mr I. Sheeles.

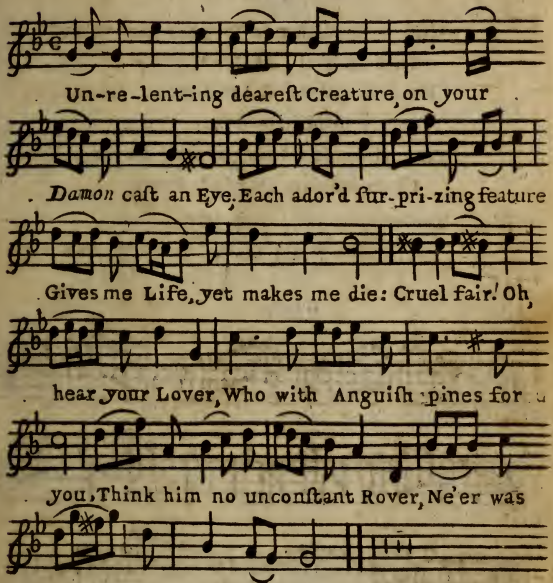


Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
Harmony's refined Part,
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the Listner's Heart.

Safest Messenger of Passion,
Stealing thro a Croud of Spies;
Who constrain the outward Fashion,
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee;
Form'd but to assault the Ear;
Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,
Ev'ry Nymph may read thee—here.

The Words by Mr. H. C.


Un-re-lent-ing deareſt Creature, on your
Damon caſt an Eye, Each ador'd fur-pri-zing feature
Gives me Life, yet makes me die: Cruel fair! Oh,
hear your Lover, Who with Anguiſh pines for
you, Think him no unconſtant Rover, Ne'er was
Swain more Chaſte or True.

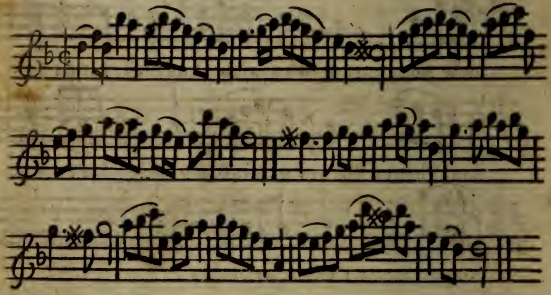
Anſwer'd by another Hand

Ceaſe, tormenting vain Deceiver,
Cloe all your Arts defies;
Cares not, if you will believe her,
Whether *Damon* lives or dies:
Trifling Swain, your Suit give over,
And implore *Corinna*'s Charms;
Know young *Cloe*'s doom'd a Lover,
But to bleſs her *Strephon*'s Arms.

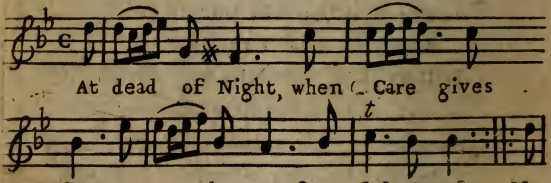
A Reply by Mr. H. C.

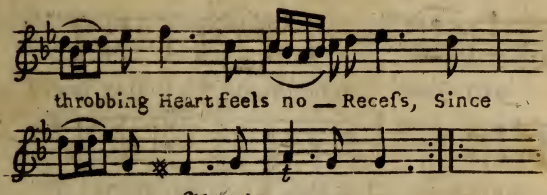
Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you,
In behalf of *Damon*'s Suit;
Cloe, know, altho' I lov'd you,
Scorn produces other Fruit:
Take your faithless canting Rover,
Clasp him in deluded Arms;
Damon joys, who was your Lover,
That his Rival loaths your Charms.

Flute



On Chlorif's *Unkindness*. *Set by* Mr. Vincent.



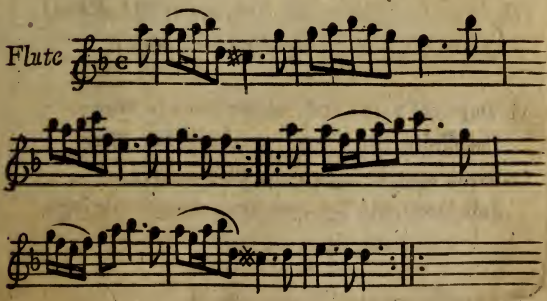


Love and *Chlo-ris* are my Foes.

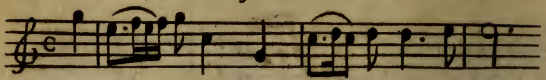
At Morn, when *Phœbus* from the Eaſt
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breaſt
Redoubles at th' Approach of Light.

At Noon, when moſt intenſe he ſhines,
My Sorrows more intenſe are Grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They ſet not with the Setting Sun.

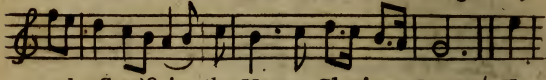
To my Relief then haſten, Death,
And eaſe me of my reſtleſs Woes:
With Joy I will reſign my Breath,
Since Love and *Chloris* are my Foes.



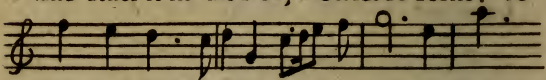
A Song *Set by* Mr. J. Sheeles.



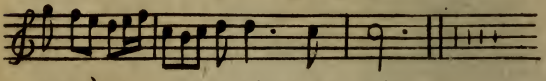
Hail, *Janus!* who ſhut'ſt out the ſliding Year,



and uſher'ſt in the New, a Glorious Scene! Ye



Chiefs of Harmony the Lyre prepare, And Notes



attun'd to mighty Lines be-gin.

Illuſtrious *George!* *Great-Britain's* genial Soul,
Bids ſhut thy Brazen Gates, while heav'nly Peace
Leads on the Golden Hours, that gaily roll
Like Billows o'er his Tributary Seas.

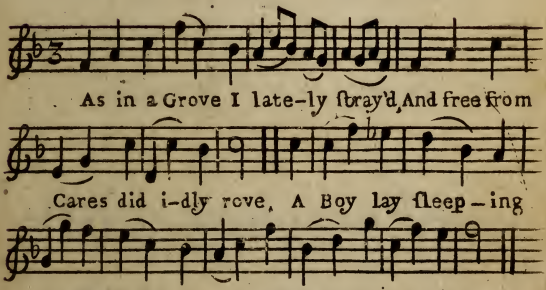
Under thy Smile the *Gallic* Lillies Bloom;
Proud *Spain* retires from thy avenging Rod;
Thy Thunder ſhakes the Turrets of Old *Rome*;
Tyrants ſubmit to thy ſuperior Nod.

Th'Imperial Bird bends either Neck to thee;
The *Belgic* Lyon cowers; *Sardinia's* King
Receives another Crown, thy Gift; we ſee
Both Oceans to thy Feet their Trophies bring.

Thy Labour's like the Sun's Eternal Carr,
Unwearyd, and Beneficent to all;
Thy gen'rous Rays diſpel the Clouds of War,
And Sciences, and Arts of Peace recall.

Sing out his mighty Fame, ye tuneful Choir,
In choſen Numbers and juſt Melody;
Immortal Deeds immortal Songs require,
Soft as his Smiles Great as his Majeſty.

Cupid *A Waked.*


As in a Grove I late-ly ſtray'd, And free from
Cares did i-dly rove, A Boy lay ſleep-ing
in the Shade, it was the dreadful God of Love!

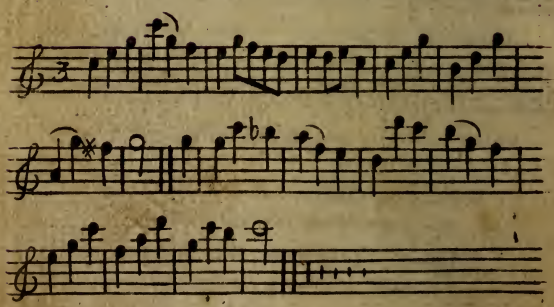
Lur'd by his Charms I nearer drew;
And ſaw of that diſdainful Maid,
Whom I had vow'd no more to wooe,
The dear deluding Form diſplay'd!

Her ruby Lips and graceful Mein
The Urchin wore. In vain I ſtrove,
I ſigh'd; he ſtarted from the Green:
The ſlighteſt Thing will Waken *Love!*

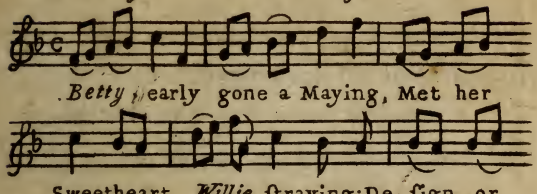
Strait ſeizing his revengeful Bow,
And taking out a choſen Dart,
He meditates a fatal Blow;
And, as he fled, transfix'd my Heart.

Return to *Sylvia*, fooliſh Swain,
And languiſh at her Feet, ſaid he;
You ſhall her Captive ſtill remain,
For having dar'd to waken me!

Flute



Theres my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.


Betty, early gone a Maying, Met her
Sweetheart *Willie* ſtraying; De-ſign or
Chance, no matter whether, But this we
know, he reaſon'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
See how ev'ry Buſh diſcovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment ſtill improving;
Love and Nature wiſely leads 'em;
Love and Nature ne'er miſguides 'em.

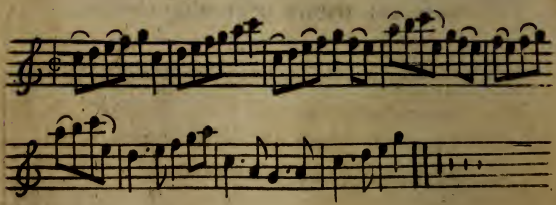
See how the opening bluſhing Roſe,
Does all her ſecret Charms diſclose;
Sweet's the Time, ah! ſhort's the Meaſure
Of our fleeting, haſty Pleaſure.

Quickly we muſt ſnatch the Bliſſes
Of their ſoft and fragrant Kiſſes;
To-day they bloom, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

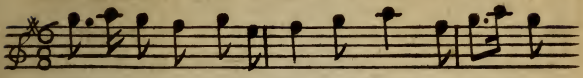
Time, my Beſs, will leave no Traces
Of thoſe Beauties, of thoſe Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our ſtaying:
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Deareſt Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile Thee.

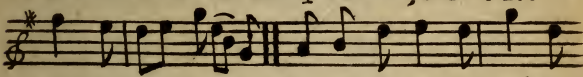
Flute



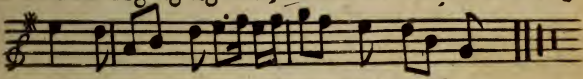
A LASS with a LUMP of LAND.



Give me a Laſs with a lump of Land, And we for



Life ſhall gang together, Fooliſh or wiſe I'll ne'er de-



-mand Or black, or fair, it makes not whether.

I'm off with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
And Blood alone is not worth a Shilling.
But ſhe that's rich her Market's made,
For ev'ry Charm about her is killing.

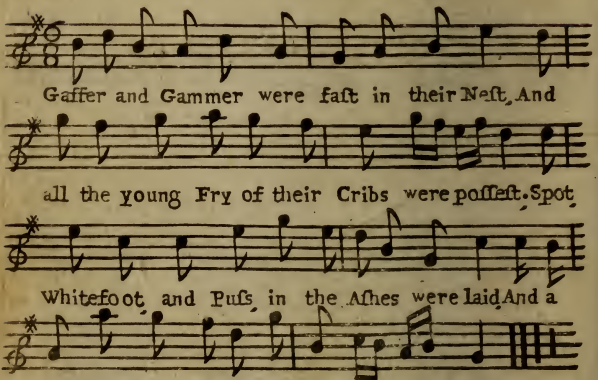
Give me a Laſs with a lump of Land,
And in my Boſom I'll hug my Treaſure:
If I had once her Gold in my Hand
Shou'd Love turn dead, it will find Pleaſure.

Laugh on who likes, but there's my Hand,
I hate with Poorith, tho' bonny to meddle,
Unleſs they bring Caſh, or a Lump of Land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
And Silver and Gold's a ſweet Complexion.
But Beauty, and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
Have loſt the Art of gaining Affection.

Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
And Caſtles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,
And nothing can catch our modern Sparks
But well tocher'd Laſſes or joynter'd Widows.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.


Gaffer and Gammer were faſt in their Neſt, And
all the young Fry of their Cribs were poſſeſt. Spot,
Whitefoot, and Puſs, in the Aſhes were laid, And a
blinking Ruſh Candle juſt o. ver their Head.

Urſla. was ſcouring her Diſhes and Platter,
Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter;
Greas'd up to the Elbow as much to the Eye
Till her embroider'd Cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

Roger the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay ſnoaring,
Till Cupid ſore vext at his clowniſh Adoring,
Did ſtraitway convey to the great Logger head,
The whiſpering Muſe, that they all were a bed.

Up ſtarted Roger, and rubbing his Eyes,
Strait to his dear Urſla in Paſſion he hies,
Then leaning his Elbow on Urſla's broad Back,
Complain'd that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.

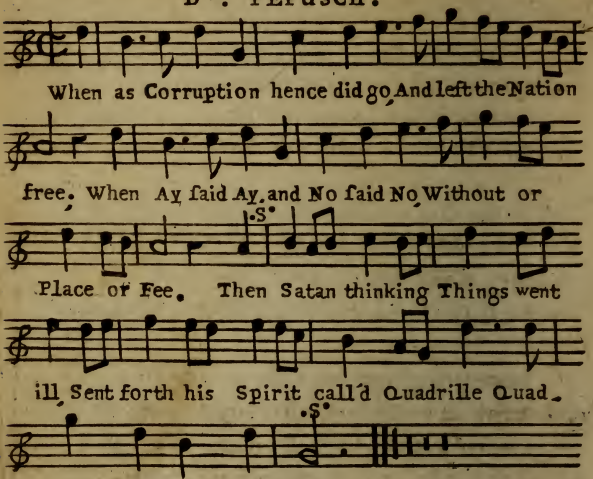
Urſla b'ing vext at the Weight of her Love
Cry'd Cupid, why doſt thou thus treacherous prove!
In angry Mood then ſhe turn'd her about,
And the Diſh cloutlapt over the Face of the Lout.

Roger b'ing angry at ſuch an Affront,
And not at all minding of what might come on't
He gave her a Kick with ſuch wonderous Mettle,
As tumbl'd poor Urſla quite over the Kettle.

This Noiſe and Rumbling ſet Gaffer awaking,
And fearing leſt Thieves had been ſtealing his Bacon,
With a Pur down the ſtairs in a Trice he came ſtumbling,
Where he found Roger gaping, while Urſla lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he for a Rogue and a Whore.
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door,
Nor minding the Rain nor the cold windy Weather,
To finiſh their Loves in a Hogſtye together.

A BALLAD on QUADRILLE. Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


When as Corruption hence did go, And left the Nation
free. When Ay ſaid Ay, and No ſaid No, Without or
Place or Fee. Then Satan thinking Things went
ill, Sent forth his Spirit call'd Quadrille Quad-
rille Quadrille Quadrille

Kings, Queens and Knaves, made up his Pack,
And four fair Suits he wore.
His Troops they were with Red and Black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er.
And ev'ry Houſe go where you will,
Is haunted by this Imp, Quadrille &c.

Sure Cards he has for every Thing,
Which well Court-Cards they name,
And Stateſman like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game,
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to loſe Codille &c.

When Two and Two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's Books enrolld,
And call'd a Party Quarree:
But now meet when and where you will,
A Party Quarree is Quadrille &c.

The Commoner, the Knight, and Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name,
And well that Duty they fulfil,
While the good Husbands at Quadrille &c.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
In comes th'Apothecary;
And to the Docter cries Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why! The Doctors at Quadrille &c.

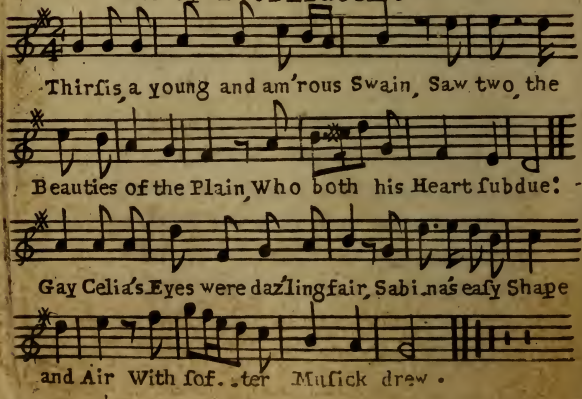
Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain, to curb her Neighbours proud,
Would want both Ball and Powder,
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill,
For why! The Generals at Quadrille &c.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath!)
And made, of many a Squire and Lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill!
The'yre but nine Parties at Quadrille, &c.

A Party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's Eyes;
'T'was call'd in Poſt-Boy and Gazette,
The Quadruple Allies.
But ſome-body took ſomething ill
So broke this Party at Quadrille, &c.

And now, God ſave this noble Realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over:
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects muſt play at Quadrille, &c.

THE WORDS by Dr PARNELL.
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

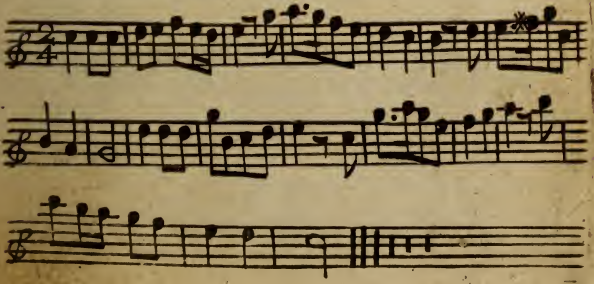

Thirſis, a young and am'rous Swain, Saw two the
Beauties of the Plain, Who both his Heart ſubdue:
Gay Celia's Eyes were dazling fair, Sabi na's eaſy Shape
and Air With ſof- ter Muſick drew.

He hunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
And seems for each to die:
'Till each a little spiteful grown.
Sabina Celia's Shape ran down
And She Sabina's Eye.

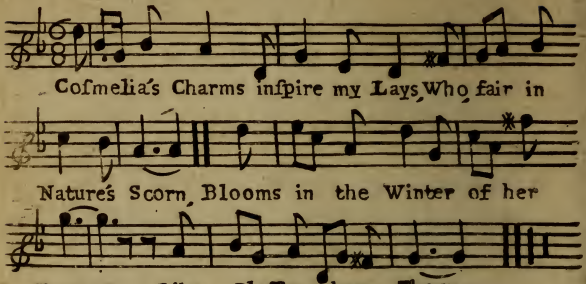
Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind.
So set the Lover free:
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Or with a True-love Knot or Name
Engraves a wounded Tree

Ah Celia! (sly Sabina cry'd)
Tho' neither Love, we're both deny'd:
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl! (says Celia) say no more.
That Spite which broke his Chains before,
Wou'd break the other's Heart.

FLUTE.



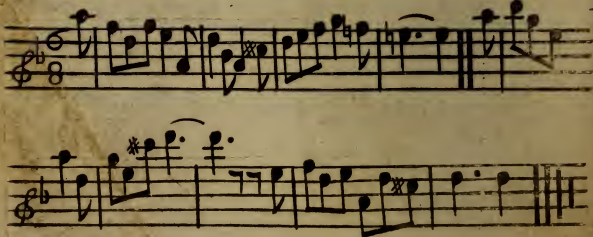
COSMELIA. By JAMES MOORE Eſq.



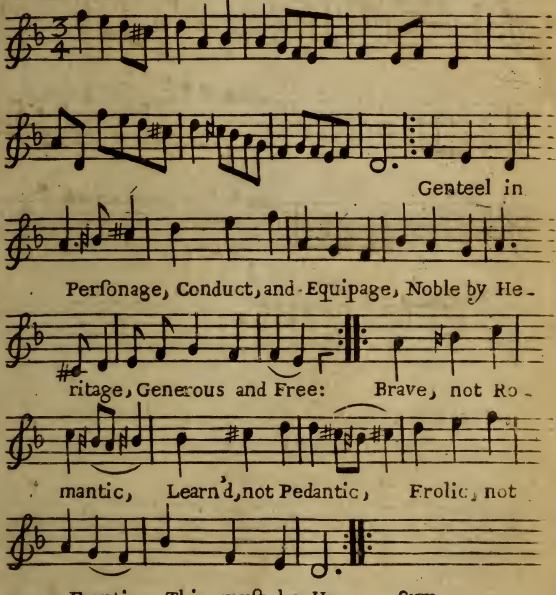
Coſmelia's cruel at Fourſcore,
As Bards in Tragick Plays,
Four Acts of Life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er,
But in the Fifth ſhe ſlays.

If e'er impatient for the Bliſs
Within her Arms I fall,
The plaiſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs,
Like Thiſbe thro' the Wall.

FLUTE.

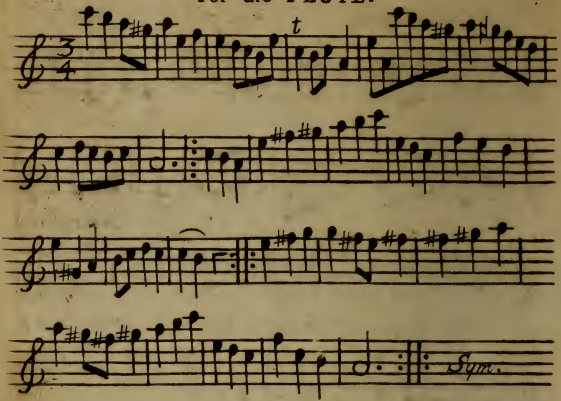


The MAIDS HUSBAND. Sung by Miſs RAFTOR in the CONTRIVANCES. Set by Mr. CAREY.

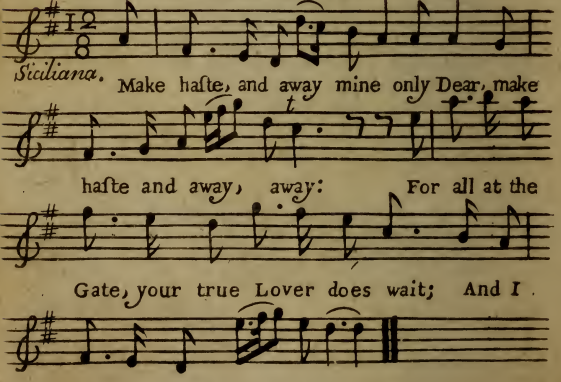

Genteel in
Perſonage, Conduct, and Equipage, Noble by He-
ritage, Generous and Free: Brave, not Ro-
mantic, Learn'd, not Pedantic, Frolic, not
Frantic, This muſt be He. Sym.

Honour Maintaining,
Meanneſs diſdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and New:
Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not Cynical,
Never Tyrannical,
But ever true.

For the FLUTE.



The INTRIGUE. by way of Dialogue.
Sung by Mr. CHARKE and Miſs RAFTOR in the
CONTRIVANCES.


Siciliana.
Make haſte, and away mine only Dear, make
t
haſte and away, away: For all at the
Gate, your true Lover does wait; And I
Prithee make no delay.

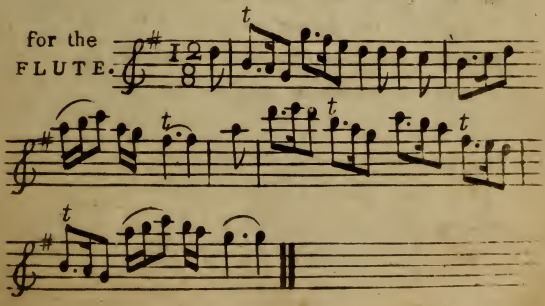
Oh how ſhall I ſteal away my Love?
O how ſhall I ſteal away?
She. My Daddy is near, and I dare not for fear,
Pray come then another Day.

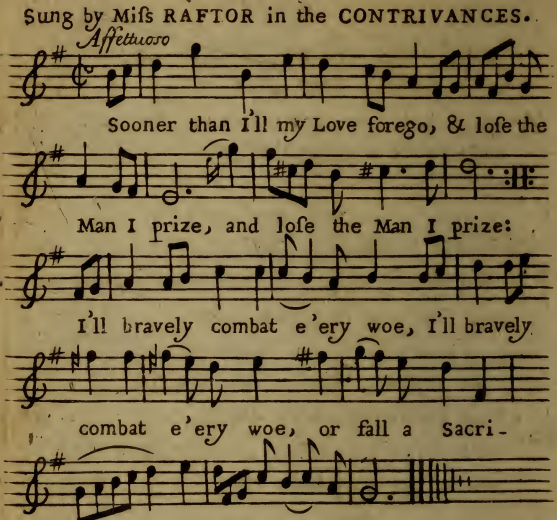
O this is the only Day my Life,
O this is the only Day!
He. I'll draw him aſide, while you throw ye Gates wide;
And then you may ſteal away.

Then prithee, make no delay, my Dear,
Then prithee make no delay:
She. We'll ſerve him a Trick, for I'll ſlip in the Nick
And to my true Love away.

CHORUS.

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair,
O Cupid befriend us we Pray!
May our Stratagem take, for thine own ſweet ſake,
And Amen! let all true Lovers ſay.



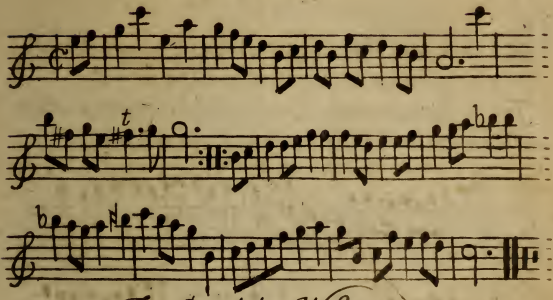
Sung by Miſs RAFTOR in the CONTRIVANCES.

Affettuoso
Sooner than I'll my Love forego, & loſe the
Man I prize, and loſe the Man I prize:
I'll bravely combat e'ery woe, I'll bravely
combat e'ery woe, or fall a Sacri-
fice - - or fall a Sacrifice.

N. B. The lines that have this mark :S: are Sung twice over.

Nor Bolts, nor Bars ſhall me controul,
I Death and danger dare; :S:
Reſtraint but fires the active Soul, :S:
And urges fierce deſpair. :S:

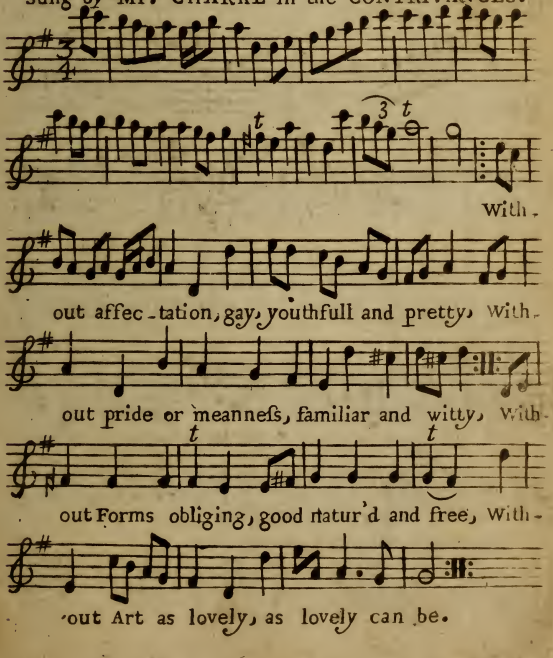
The window now ſhall be my Gate;
I'll either fall or fly, :S:
Before I'll live with him I hate, :S:
For him I love, I'll die. :S:

For the FLUTE.



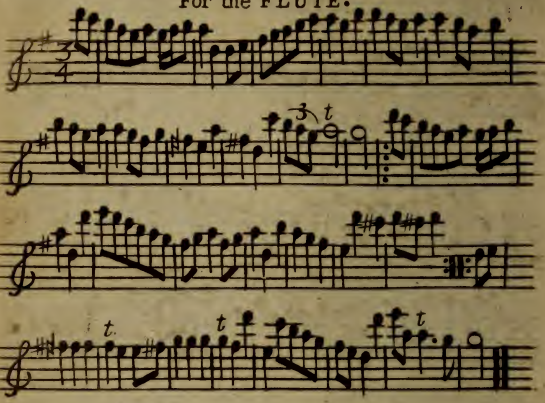
The Batchelors Wife.

Sung by Mr. CHARKE in the CONTRIVANCES.

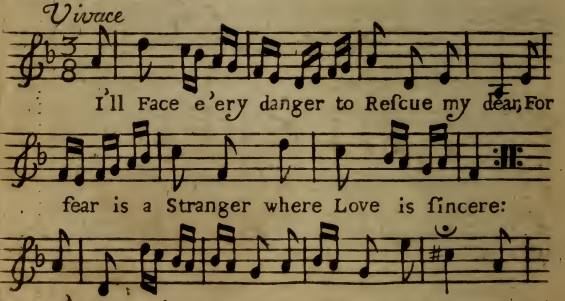
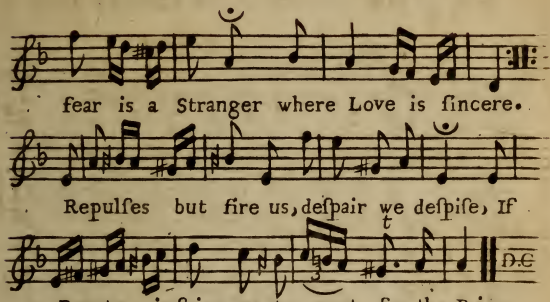

With-
out affec-tation, gay, youthfull and pretty, With-
out pride or meanness, familiar and witty, With-
out Forms obliging, good natur'd and free, With-
out Art as lovely, as lovely can be.

She acts what ſhe thinks, and ſhe thinks what ſhe ſays,
Regardleſs alike both of Cenſure and Praiſe:
But her thoughts, and her words, and her actions are ſuch,
That none can admire them, or praiſe her too much.

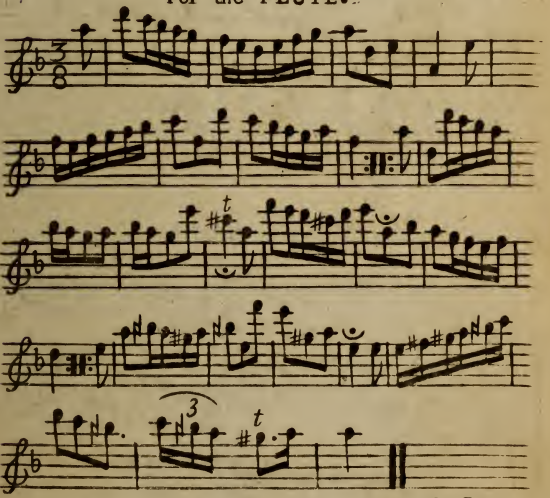
For the FLUTE.



Sung by Mr. CHARKE in the CONTRIVANCES.


Vivace
I'll Face e'ery danger to Reſcue my dear, For
fear is a Stranger where Love is ſincere:
I'll Face e'ery danger to Reſcue my dear, For

fear is a Stranger where Love is ſincere.
Repulſes but fire us, deſpair we deſpiſe, If
D.C
Beauty inſpire us to pant for the Prize.

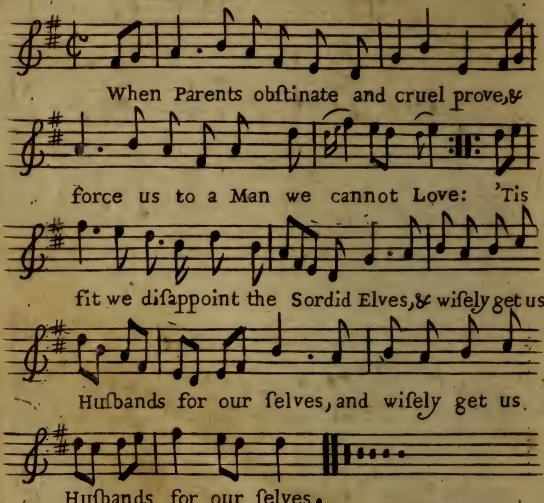
For the FLUTE.



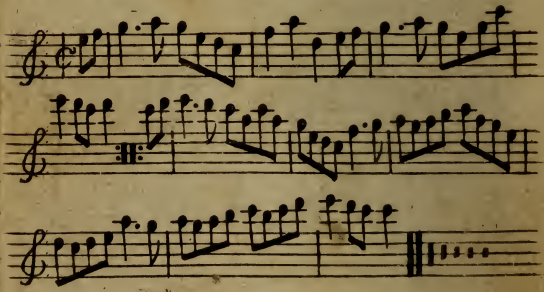
N.B. This Character 𝄐 ſtands for a Pauſe.

Sung by Miſs RAFTOR in the CONTRIVANCES.

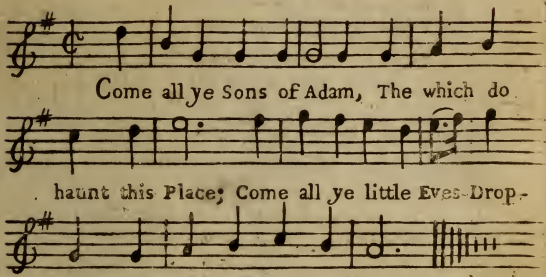
In the Scotch Humour.


When Parents obſtinate and cruel prove, &
force us to a Man we cannot Love: 'Tis
fit we diſappoint the Sordid Elves, & wiſely get us
Huſbands for our ſelves, and wiſely get us
Huſbands for our ſelves.

For the FLUTE.



The MASQUERADE GARLAND.



Come all ye Shapes and Figures,
And as ye pass along,
Pray mind a Brother Animal,
And listen to his Song.
Oh Masquerades are fine Things,
For to delight the Eyes;
And tho' they vex the Foolish,
They don't offend the Wise.

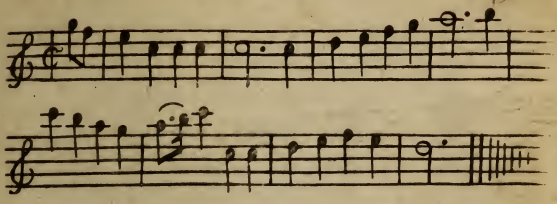
For why shou'd Mirth and Pleasure,
And harmless Sport and Play,
Or speaking with Sincerity,
Be thought a rude Essay?
For when we mask our Faces,
We then unmask our Hearts;
And hide our lesser Beauties,
To shew our better Parts.
Oh Masquerades are fine Things
For to delight the Hearts;
And tho' they hurt our Pockets,
They please our better Parts.

Here all ſorts of Conditions
Are ſociable and free;
They judge not by Appearances,
Which often diſagree:
A Lord will court a Scullion,
A Lady hug a Clown;
A Judge embrace moſt tenderly
A Madam of the Town.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things
For to delight the Mind;
And tho' they vex the Biſhops,
They make the Ladies kind.

Here Party makes no Difference,
No Politicians jar;
Here Stateſmen lay aſide their Pride,
And with it all their Care.
A Babyloniſh Dialect
Inſpires all the Place;
Which muſt produce, no doubt on't,
A very ſprightly Race.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things
For to improve the Age;
And much beyond the Liberty
And Licenſe of the Stage.

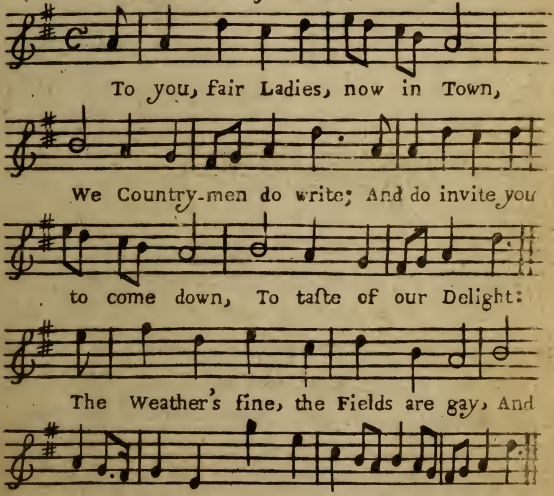
Here I an honeſt Calling
Have choſen at my Leiſure;
For Profit by the Bye, Sir,
But in the Main for Pleaſure.
For Pleaſure each Man hither comes,
Each Lady comes for Pleaſure;
And if I'm in the Right, Sirs,
Why then my Song is Meaſure.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things,
From whence all Pleaſure ſprings;
And tho' the Vulgar rail at them,
They give Delight to Kings.

For the FLUTE.



An INVITATION *into the Country.*

To the Tune of *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*


To you, fair Ladies, now in Town,
We Country-men do write; And do invite you
to come down, To taste of our Delight:
The Weather's fine, the Fields are gay, And
'tis the pleasant Month of May, Fa, la, la, la, fa, la.

The Country's now in all its Pride,
New-dreſt in lovely Green;
The Earth, with various Colours dy'd,
Diſplays a lovely Scene;
A thouſand pretty Flow'rs appear,
To deck your Boſom and your Hair. Fa, la, &c.

The Cuckow's pick'd up all the Dirt;
The Trees are all in Bloom;
If rural Muſick can divert,
Each Buſh affords a Tune:
The Turtle's heard in ev'ry Grove,
And Milk-maids ſing their Songs of Love. Fa, la, &c.

Cou'd we perſwade you to come down,
Our Joys wou'd be compleat;
Dear Ladies, leave the noiſy Town,
And to our Shades retreat:
Wou'd you but in our Shades appear,
You'd make our Fields Elizium here. Fa, la, &c.

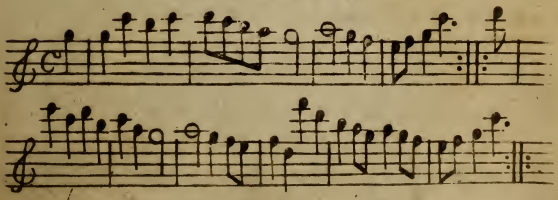
We'll ſhew you all our Cowſlip-Meads,
And pleaſant Woods and Springs;
And lead you to the tuneſull Shades
Where Philomela ſings:
Sweet Philomel, whoſe warbling Throat
Excels your Seneſino's Note. Fa, la, &c.

For you, we deck and trim our Bow'rs,
And make our Gardens fine;
For you preſerve our choiceſt Flow'rs,
That now are in their Prime:
The murm'ring Brooks accuſe your Stay;
And Zephyrs ſigh for your Delay. Fa, la, &c.

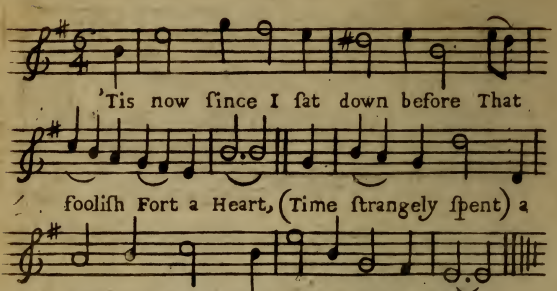
Come then, and take our Morning Air,
Juſt roſe from flow'ry Beds;
'Tis better than your Snuff by far,
And all Perfumes exceeds:
Our Ev'ning Walks more Pleaſures bring,
Than the gay Park and crowded Ring. Fa, la, &c.

For your own Sakes, if not for ours,
The duſty Town forego;
Freſh Air will give your Eyes new Pow'rs,
And make each Beauty glow;
'Twill to the Lilly add the Roſe,
And ev'ry brighter Charm diſcloſe. Fa, la, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The SIEGE. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



Made my Approaches, from her Hand
Unto her Lip did rise;
And did already understand
The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no less Art,
My Tongue was Engineer;
I thought to undermine the Heart
By whisp'ring in the Ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon Oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the Place,
By cutting off all Kisses,
Praising and gazing on her Face,
And all such little Blisses.

To draw her out, and from her Strength,
I drew all Batteries in:
And brought my self to lie at length,
As if no Siege had been.

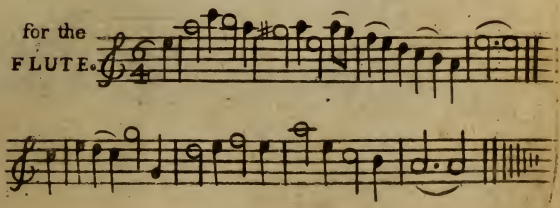
When I had done what Man cou'd do,
And thought the Place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too;
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These Hopes, and this Relief;
A Spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth I;) the Word straight give,
Let's lose no Time, but leave her:
That Giant upon Air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

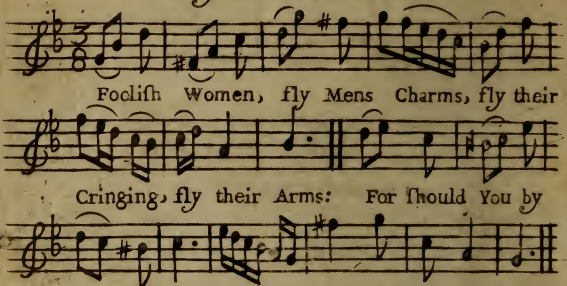
To such a Place our Camp remove,
As will no Siege abide;
I hate a Fool, that starves her Love,
Only to feed her Pride.

for the FLUTE.



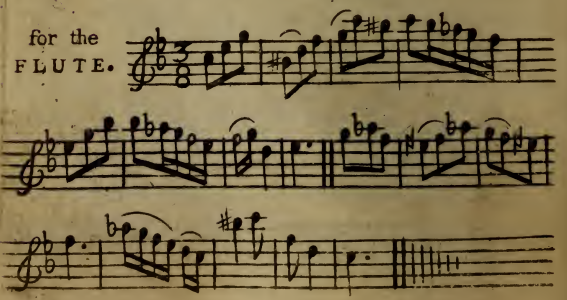
The CAUTION.

Set by Mr. RAVENSCROFT.

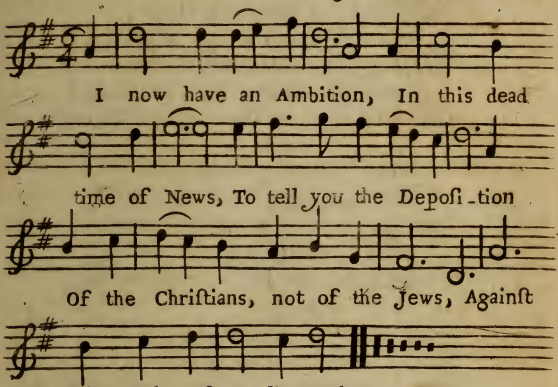

Fooliſh Women, fly Mens Charms, fly their
Cringing, fly their Arms: For ſhould You by
chance comply, 'Tis not They, but You, muſt dye.

Men with Pleaſure ſoon are cloy'd,
And forſake you when enjoy'd:
Strive their winning Arts to ſhun;
If you ſlight them, they're undone.

When their Hearts you overpower,
Be wiſely coy, till the bleſt Hour
Of the Matrimonial Nooſe;
Then falſe Men you may abuſe.



The Tryal and Condemnation of JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH. The Words by Mr. RICH. ESTCOURT


I now have an Ambition, In this dead
time of News, To tell you the Depoſi-tion
Of the Chriſtians, not of the Jews, Againſt
John Duke of Marlborough.

II.

Attend then Sons of Britain:
Of greater Crimes I ſing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the Time of a Queen, or a King,
All done by John Duke of Marlborough.

III.

This Man by Conſtitution
Was made for Liberty;
He helped the late Revolution,
On purpoſe to hurt Popery,
Did this John Duke of Marlborough.

IV.

The next great Crime of many,
His troubleſome Pride to ſhew,
Was marching to High-Germany:
And who gave 'em that damnable Blow,
But this John Duke of Marlborough?

V

Nay more, to mend the Matter,
To his Shame and high Reproach,
An Army he made take Water,
And their General ſent by Coach:
All prov'd on John Duke of Marlborough.

VI.

To ſhew his Whig-Devotion—
In keeping the Sabbath-Day,
He the Murther at Ramilly began
Upon a Whitſunday;
O heatheniſh John Duke of Marlborough!

VII.

Tho' buſie in his Slaughtering,
His Avarice ran ſo high,
That rather than ſpare the moſt Chriſtian King,
He ten thouſand Pounds gave to a Spy:
O covetous John Duke of Marlborough!

VIII.

At Audenard ſo ill to treat Foes,
And make poor Widows of Wives!
He took a Delight to beat ev'n thoſe,
That never beat him in their Lives:
O Cowardly John Duke of Marlborough!

IX.

Villars, that civil, and good Man,
Safe in his Trenches cloſe,
From Mons he made run like a Footman,
Tho' Bulwark'd as high as his Noſe;
Uncivil John Duke of Marlborough!

X.

To ev'ry tender Chriſtian Ear
When Crimes, like theſe, ſhall come,
I know not how they abroad may appear,
I am ſure they ſound odly at home;
Theſe Deeds of John Duke of Marlborough.

XI.

Some Facts, to make the French undone,
I've prov'd upon him well;
And truly what 'tis he has not done,
Impossible 'tis to tell,
Of this John Duke of Marlborough.

XII.

To prove that all these Things are so,
And not what Folks devise,
Was he ever the Man that once spar'd e'er Foe,
Or ever affronted th' Allies;
This same John Duke of Marlborough?

XIII.

Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay too,
And late the strong Bouchain,
Of his own Head he forc'd to obey too,
Tho' wanting his Brother Eugene:
Hot headed John Duke of Marlborough!

XIV.

Of these immoral things he brags,
'Cause we took no Notice at all;
You see with his pitiful French bloody Rags
How he has litter'd poor Westminster-Hall;
O slovenly John Duke of Marlborough!

XV.

Nay more he still wou'd fly at,
And all to mend the Peace;
Lord! how can we ever be quiet,
If we pardon such Crimes as these,
In any but John Duke of Marlborough?

XVI.

Twelve Years, it sadly true is,
By taking of Towns and Lines,
And baffling the poor King Lewis,
He has spoil'd the Pretender's Design
O meddlesome John Duke of Marlborough!

XVII.

Succeſs ſtill made him bolder:
And by the Monſieur's Fall,
He has paſs'd on this Iſle for a Soldier,
But, it ſeems, he knows nothing at all;
Earl P...t ſays ſo of Marlborough.

XVIII.

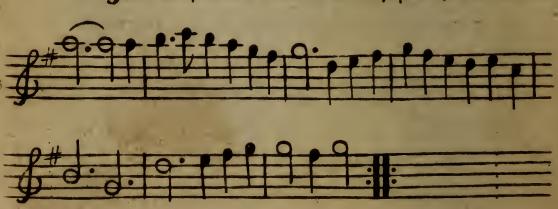
This Year for War he voted,
But we reſolv'd on none;
For Monſieur was ſure to be routed,
And then — High-Church — had been undone
By Engliſh John Duke of Marlborough.

XIX.

You ſee the Troops don't need him,
He's Out, and in France they laugh;
But ſend any other to head them,
And I'll warrant old Bourbon is ſafe;
Keep back but John Duke of Marlborough.

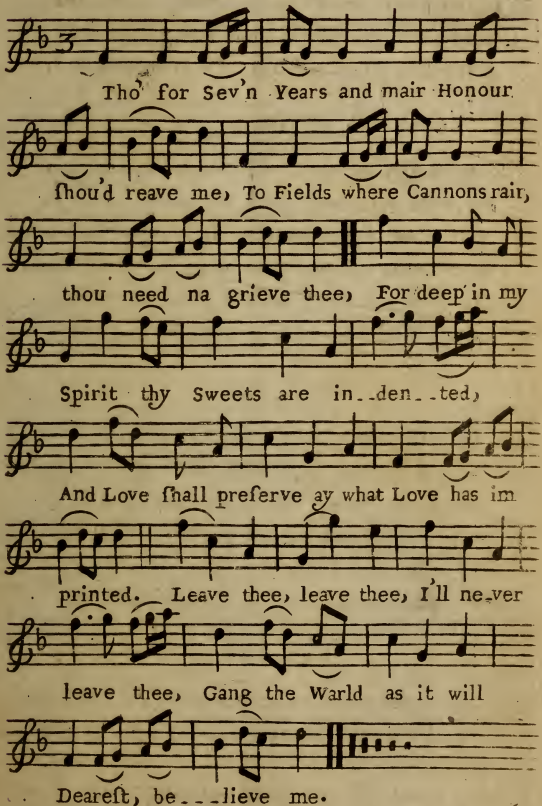
XX.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom meant to devour;
For which, and his heinous Succeſſes,
He's Out, and our Fears are all o'er;
Thus fell John Duke of Marlborough.



A Dialogue between JONNY *and* NELLY.

[To the Tune of *I'll never leave Thee.*]

JONNY.

Tho' for Sev'n Years and mair Honour
shou'd reave me, To Fields where Cannons rair,
thou need na grieve thee, For deep in my
Spirit thy Sweets are in..den..ted,
And Love shall preserve ay what Love has im
printed. Leave thee, leave thee, I'll ne..ver
leave thee, Gang the Warld as it will
Deareſt, be...lieve me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover;
And nought i'the Warld wad vex my Heart sairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy an fairer:
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly cares ye;
Your blooming saft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,
Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Deareſt believe me.

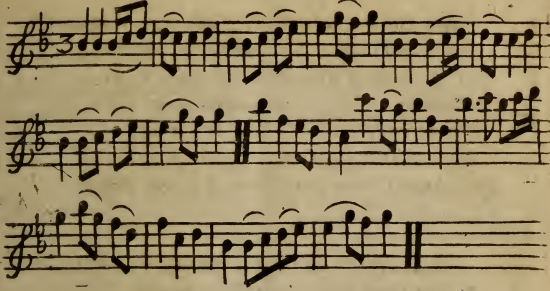
NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trew ye,
And gin ye prove false, to ye'r sell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! It wad reave me,
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
Bid Britons think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns shall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

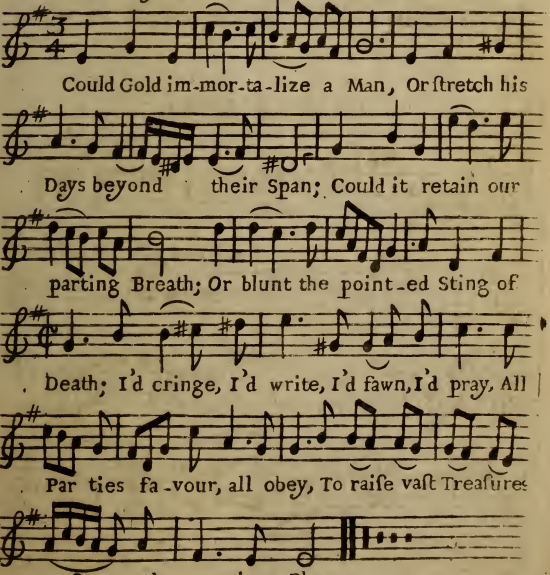
For the FLUTE.



The VANITY of RICHES.

Imitated from ANACREON.

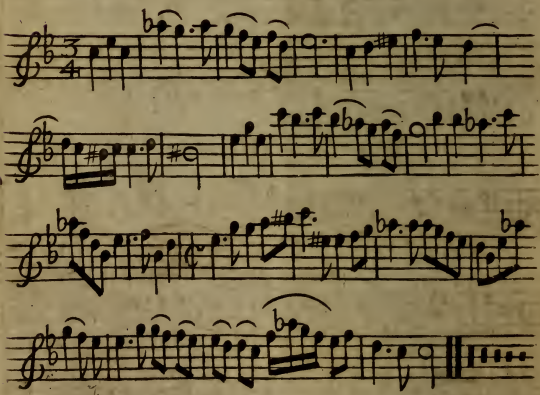
Set by Mr. I. SHEELES.


Could Gold im-mor-ta-lize a Man, Or ſtretch his
Days beyond their Span; Could it retain our
parting Breath; Or blunt the point-ed Sting of
Death; I'd cringe, I'd write, I'd fawn, I'd pray, All
Par ties fa-vour, all obey, To raiſe vaſt Treaſures
of the precious Clay.

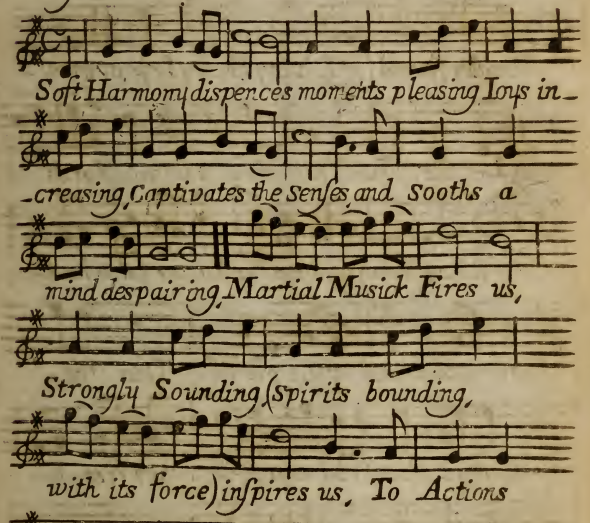
But ſince theſe Toys, theſe glitt'ring Baits,
Theſe little Arts, theſe hateful Cheats,
Since all their Stores will nought avail,
When drooping Nature once does fail,
Why all this Clutter, why this Pain,
Why all this Sweating ſtill in vain,
For great Preferments, and a gaudy Train?

Death makes the Bays, the Robes, the Gown
To lay their fading Honours down;
Nor can their Bribes make him relent,
Or their impending Fate prevent:
Then ſince theſe mighty Men, and I,
The Rich, the Poor, and all muſt die,
Why ſhould I heap up Wealth, O, tell me why?

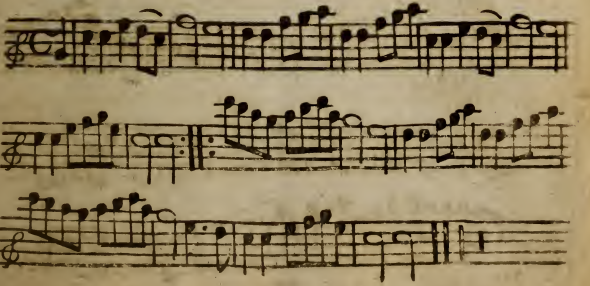
For the FLUTE.



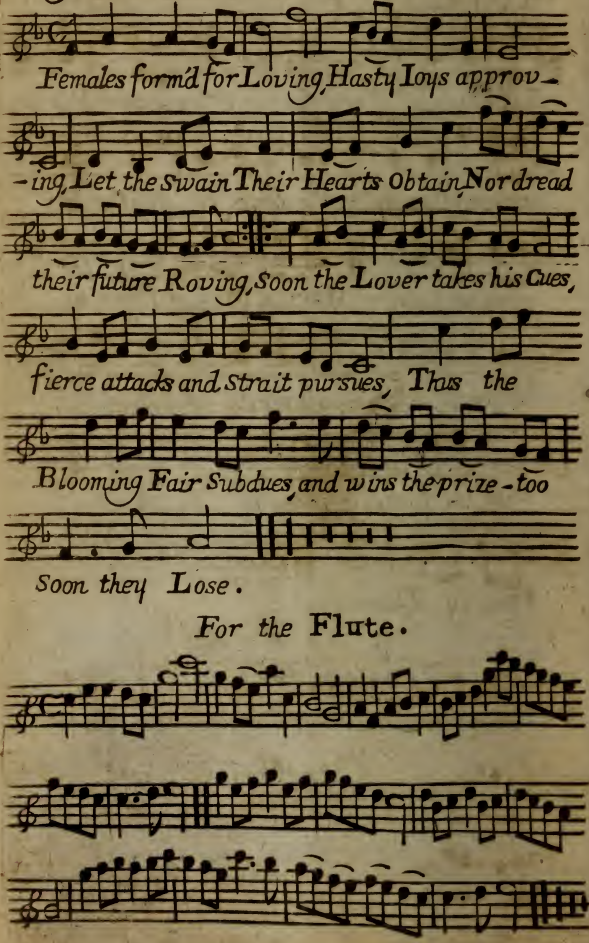
Sung by Mr. Salway. in Vulcans Wedding.


Soft Harmony dispences moments pleasing Joys in-
-creasing, Captivates the senses and Sooths a
mind despairing, Martial Musick Fires us,
Strongly Sounding (spirits bounding,
with its force) inspires us, To Actions
bravely Daring.

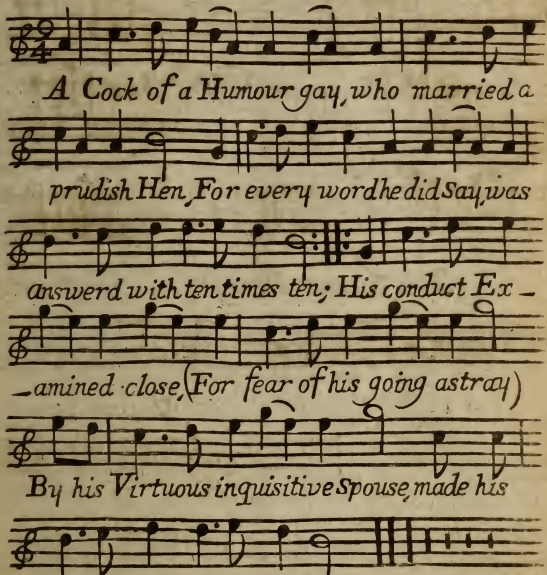
For the Flute.



Sung by Mrs. Egleton *in* Vulcan's Wedding.

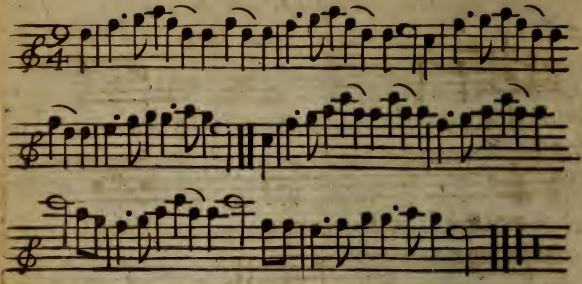

Females form'd for Loving, Hasty Loys approv-
-ing, Let the Swain Their Hearts Obtain, Nor dread
their future Roving, Soon the Lover takes his Cues,
fierce attacks and Strait pursues, Thus the
Blooming Fair Subdues, and wins the prize-too
Soon they Lose.
For the Flute.

The Prudish Hen.

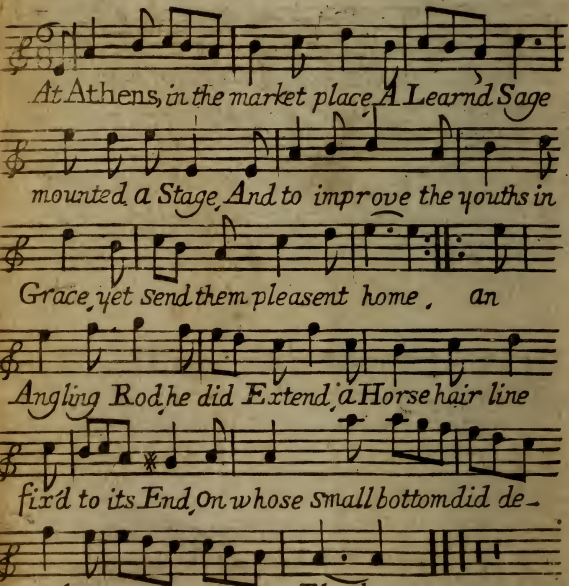

A Cock of a Humour gay, who married a
prudish Hen, For every word he did say, was
answerd with ten times ten; His conduct Ex-
-amined close, (For fear of his going astray)
By his Virtuous inquisitive Spouse, made his
Hours pass heavy away.

The warmest affection grown Cold,
Does seldom, or never revive,
Brisk Chanticleer Plagu'd with a Scold,
To Lengthen his Chain did Contrive,
And among the young Pullets did Range,
There, bliss without Pain did Enjoy.
Thus Pleas'd with the happy Exchange,
He Laugh'd at the Nuptial Decoy.

For the Flute.



The Sugar Plumb


At Athens, in the market place, A Learnd Sage
mounted a Stage, And to improve the youths in
Grace, yet send them pleasent home, an
Angling Rod he did Extend, a Horse hair line
fix'd to its End, On whose small bottom did de-
-pend a curious sugar Plumb.

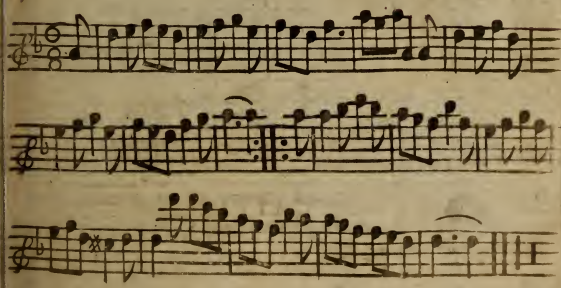
II

That Bait attracts the greedy Crow'd,
One and all
waits its fall,
Some, to see the Prize bestow'd,
In hopes to gain it, Some.
Suspended Long the Sweet meat flies
At last a Brisk youth Caught the Prize,
Old Sage adieu, the Victor Cries,
You have lost your Sugar Plumb.

III

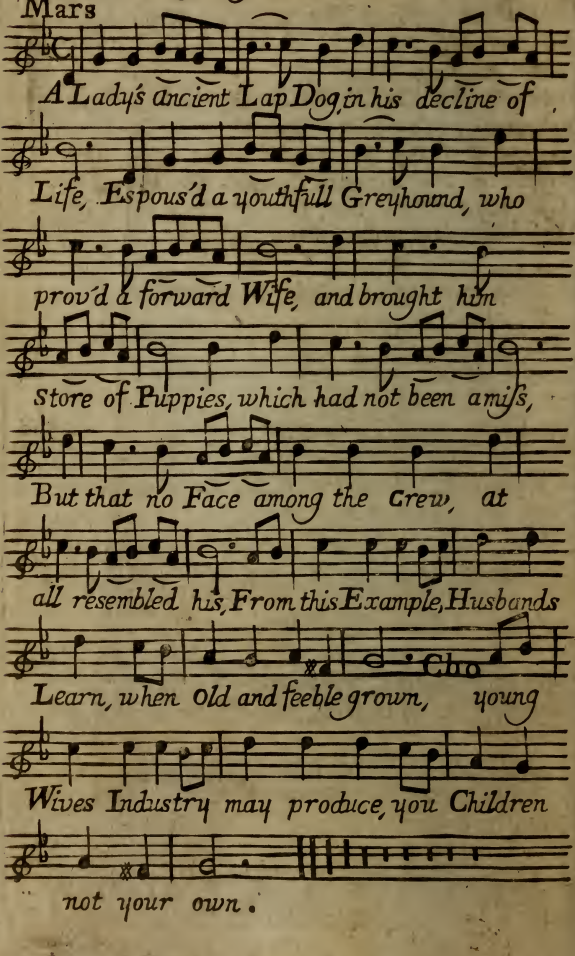
Yet Stay, and hear me tell a tale,
I Shall Show
a Propos,
Says the Sage, twill Sure Prevail,
It is the Female's Doom.
This Prize resembles Virgin Hearts
Which man his utmost Power Exerts
To Gain: then Soon the Fair Deserts,
Cloy'd with the Sugar Plumb.

For the Flute.



The Lap Dog *Sung in* Vulcan's Wedding.

Mars


A Lady's ancient Lap Dog, in his decline of
Life, Espous'd a youthfull Greyhound, who
prov'd a forward Wife, and brought him
Store of Puppies, which had not been amiss,
But that no Face among the Crew, at
all resembled his, From this Example, Husbands
Learn, when Old and feeble grown, young
Wives Industry may produce, you Children
not your own.

The Raven.

Apol. *A Raven hoarse and ugly espous'd and*
Lov'd a Rook,
And for her Sweet Society all Female Birds forsook
But to Divert the tedious Hours, he Roam'd
a broad for Prey,
Procur'd a Hawk to Visit her, and Pass the time
away.
The Hawk so well employ'd his time, to gain her
amorous Heart,
That Soon the Raven Shar'd but Share of his
dear Counter Part.
Cho: *That Soon &c.*

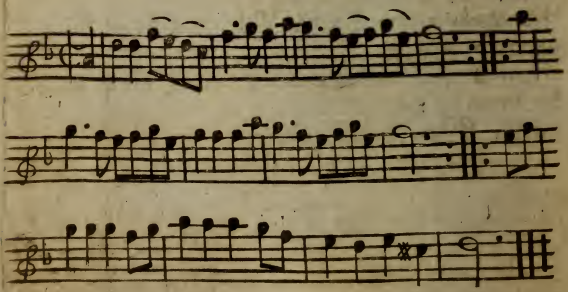
The Cat.

Merc. *A Cat whose Keeper Lov'd her well,*
And gave her Store of Meat,
Could not from felony abstain, tho' much worse
food to Eat,
A mate to was Provided her, of youth and
Comely form,
But yet her Fancy Prompted her, more homely
Beasts to Charm,
Who seeks a moral to this Tale, Shall have their
wants Supply'd,
When Female wishes do Prevail, they will
be gratify'd.
Cho: *When female &c.*

The Stag.

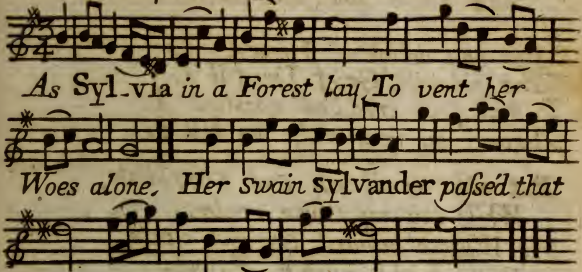
Venus. *A stately Stag (the forrest's Pride) espous'd*
a milk white Doe,
Who for a while did Virtuous Prove, and had
been always so,
But that her Husband slighted her, and other
Deer enjoy'd,
And then to Pay him in his Coin, She Could not
well avoid,
The moral of this Fable will the Nuptial faults
Display.
Wives seldom swerve from Virtue, till Husbands
Shew the way.
Cho. *Wives &c.*

For the Flute.



Sylvia *and* Sylvander.

Set by M^r. I. Sheeles.



Ah! is my Love (she said) to you
So worthleſs and so vain?
Why is your wonted Fondneſs now
Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd the Day should Darkneſs run,
Ere you'd exchange your Love:
In shades now may Creation mourn,
Since you unfaithfull prove.

Was it for this I Credit gave
To ev'ry Oath you swore?
But! ah it seems, they most deceive,
Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit;
The Practice of Mankind!
Alas, I see it -- but too late!
My Love had made me blind.

What Cause, Sylvander, have I giv'n
For Cruelty so great?

Yes.. for your Sake, neglected Heav'n;
And hug'd you into Hate.

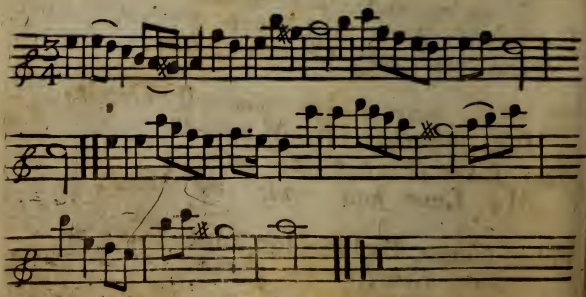
For you, delighted, I cou'd die;
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think that cred'lous constant I,
Shou'd by your self be kill'd.

But what avail my Sad Complaints,
While you my Cause neglect!
My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,
Without the wish'd Effect.

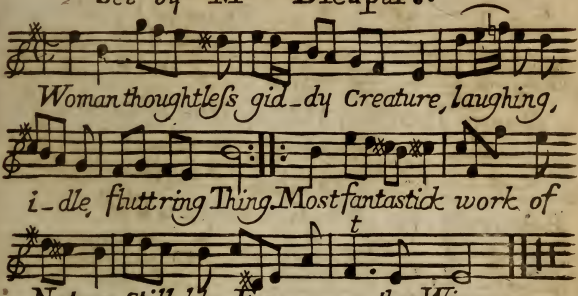
This said - all breathleſs, Sick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her Vital Spirits fail,
And Senſes at a Stand.

Sylvander now begins to melt,
But, ere the Word was Spoke,
The heavy Hand of Death She felt,
And her poor Heart was broke.

For the Flute.



The Declaimer.
Set by Mr Dieupart.

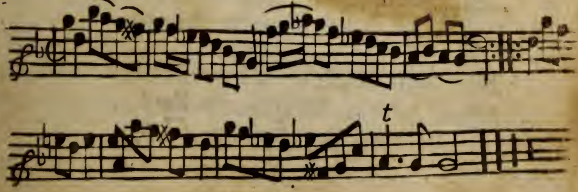

Woman thoughtless gid-dy Creature, laughing,
i-dle, fluttring Thing. Most fantastick work of
t
Nature, Still, like Fan-cy on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loveing, Hating, in extream:
Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,
And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely-Trifle! dear Illusion!
Conq'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!
Man's chief Glory and Confusion
Of all Vanity most vain!

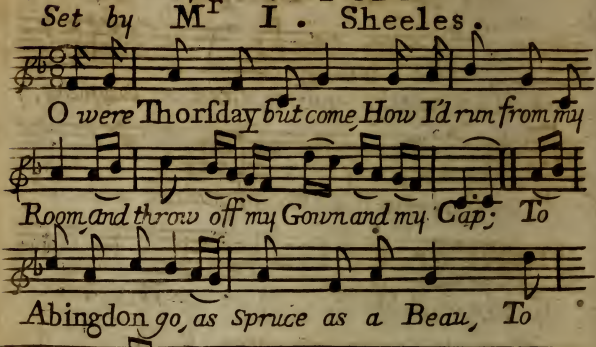
Thus deriding Beauty's Pow'r,
Bevil, call'd it all a Cheat:
But in less than half an Hour
Kneel'd, and whin'd, at Celia's *Feet.*

For the Flute



Fanny Knapp. *By a Gentleman of* OXFORD.

Set by M^r I. Sheeles.


O were Thorsday but come, How I'd run from my
Room and throw off my Gown and my Cap; To
Abingdon go, as Spruce as a Beau, To
Dance with my Fair Fan-ny Knapp.

Let other Men strole,
From hence to the Pole,
And travel all over the Map;
I'm sure they'll ne'er find,
Among Woman kind,
One so lovely as Fair Fanny Knapp.

Had I *Genius and Fire,*
Such as er'st did inspire,
The Bosoms of Blacknore and Trap,
Oh! how like any Thing,
Would I carrol and sing,
The Praises of Fair Fanny Knapp.

Not gay Wilk's *Heart,*
When he tops Wildair's *Part,*
Receives so much Joy from a Clap,

As I could Gold Finches,
And a Man of my Inches
Commend me to Fair Fanny Knapp.

Let the Scot boast his Pleasure,
Who drinks beyond measure,
And sits the long Day at the Tap,
He's not half so happy,
Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
As I with my Fair Fanny Knapp.

As you often have seen
A Faggot when green,
In the Fire boiling over with Sap:
So my foolish fond Heart
Ferments in each Part,
While inflam'd by my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Not a Baby in Town,
When Nurse Maid is gone,
So whimpers and cries for his Pap,
As I, when away,
The least Part of a Day,
Lament for my Fair Fanny Knapp.

When Dunns at my Door,
At least half a Score,
Successively ply the loud Rapp,
I bid 'em away,
For what can he pay,
That's undone by his Fair Fanny Knapp.

The Cobler in's Hole
Waxes sad to the soul,
If he chances to lose but his Strapp;

Alas! so I shall
Lose my End and my All,
If at last I lose Fair Fanny Knapp.

The Butcher his Meat,
That we sweetly may eat,
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap;
So, I'd have you to know,
I'll butcher that Beau,
That dares fly blow my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Some inflam'd with Desire
Of sweet Figs in the Fire,
Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon Snap;
More ventrous am I,
Thro' the Flames of her Eye,
To catch at my Fair Fanny Knapp.

I saw t'other Day,
And envy'd poor Tray,
When she threw from her Table a Scrap;
I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
If I'd not be a Dog,
To be fed by my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Were she once set to Sale,
As her Charms could not fail
To bring her in many a Chap;
I'd defie any Pow'r,
Less than Jove and his Show'r
To outbid me for Fair Fanny Knapp.

Tho' of all things I hate
To be damnably beat,
Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,

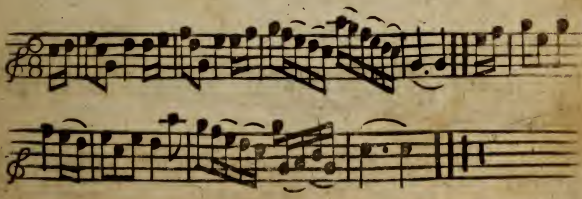
Were the Bargain but this,
To be heal'd by a Kiss
From the Lips of my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Hark! officious bright Sun,
When this Stage you have run
And retire to your Thetis's *Lap;*
To Eternity stay,
We can never want Day,
While enlight'ned by Fair Fanny Knapp.

Poor Swift, on a Time,
At a Loss for a Rhime,
Was supply'd by a very good Hap;
Let Him now by his skill,
Or the Help of his De'el,
Find another for Fair Fanny Knapp.

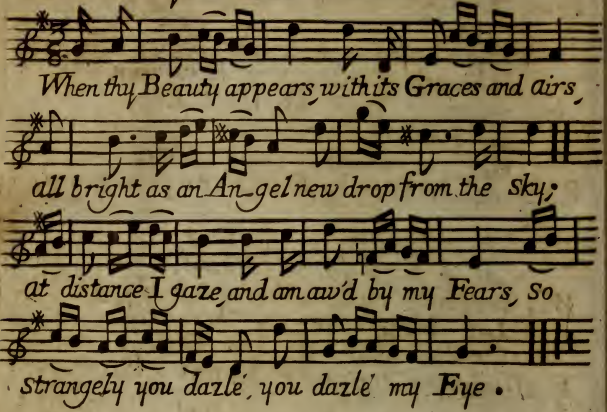
P. S. My Muse ran so fast,
She had like in her hast,
To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;
Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
If this — had he seen,
He'd have stopp'd it for Fair Fanny Knapp

For the **Flute.**



WOMAN.

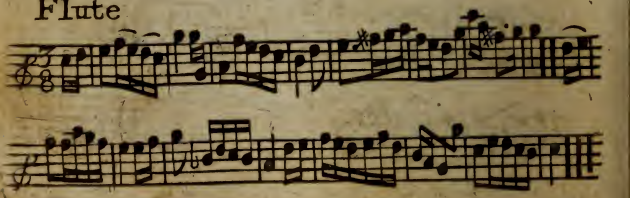
Set by M^r. Whichello.


When thy Beauty appears, with its Graces and airs,
all bright as an An-gel new drop from the sky;
at distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears, So
strangely you dazle, you dazle my Eye.

But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you imparts,
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vain;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants from your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

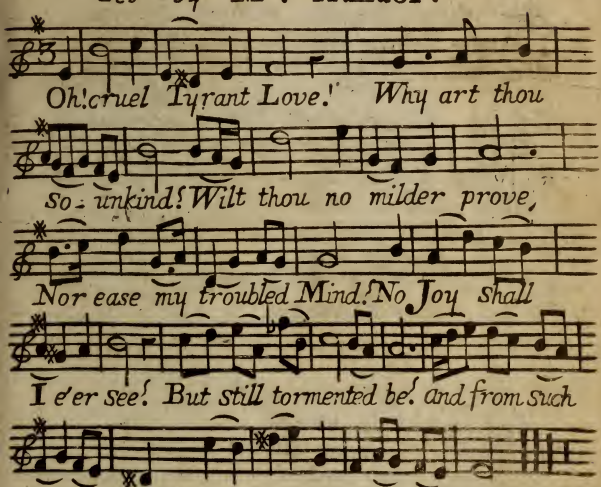
There's a Passion and Pride
In our Sex (she reply'd)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But yet be a Woman to you.

Flute



Strephons Complaint *of* Love.

Set by M^r. Handel.


Oh! cruel Tyrant Love! Why art thou
so unkind! Wilt thou no milder prove,
Nor ease my troubled Mind! No Joy shall
I e'er see! But still tormented be! and from such
dismal Grief, shall I ne'er find Relief.

Since thou hast wounded me,
Why dost thou not impart
Some of thy Cruelty,
And make her feel some smart!
Tell her how I do burn,
How I lament and mourn!
When she the Truth doth know,
She must some Pity show.

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
Upon her smiling Brow:
Her blushing Cheeks command
Me at her Feet to bow:

Her golden Tresses wave,
Her rising Breasts enslave,
Lightning darts from her Eyes,
And kills me by Surprize.

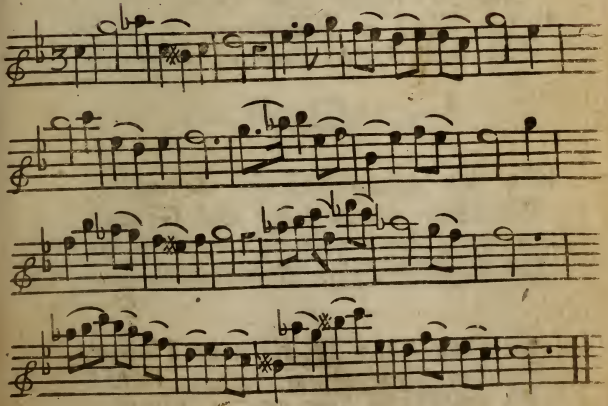
Yet tho She is most fair,
Why should She me disdain?
If Wealth surrounds my dear,
Why must I suffer Pain?
Were She as poor as Job,
I in a Royal Robe,
And Lord of all the Land,
I'd be at her Command.

All Day I sigh and weep,
And vainly do lament!
All Night I cannot sleep!
I never rest content!
But still am fill'd with Pain,
Scorn Woe and sad Disdain
These Racks I cannot bear,
And yet She will not hear!

What Joys can Myra take,
After she does behold
Poor Strephon for her Sake,
Laid in the Dreary Mould!
O most unhappy Fate!
Then Pity comes too late:
Myra my Life preserve,
And thee I'll always serve.

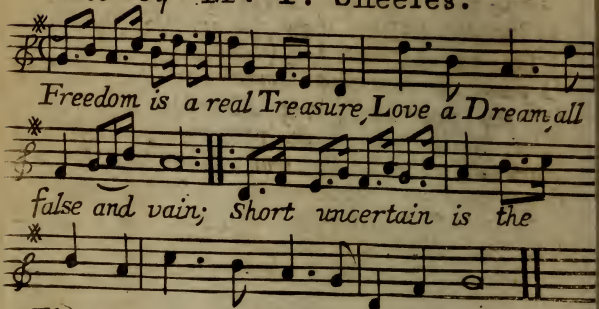
I'll wander for her sake,
Or keep my self confin'd,
If She no Pity take
On my distracted Mind.
O ease the burning smart
Of my poor suff'ring Heart;
Else twill my Ruin prove;
Farewell then Life and Love!

For the Flute



The FOLLY *of* LOVE.

Set by M^r. I. Sheeles.



A Sincere and tender Paſsion
Some ill Planet over rules;
Ah how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

The Answer

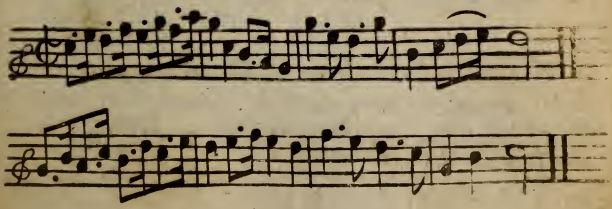
Why this talking still of Dying!
Why this dismal Look and Groan!
Leave fond Lover leave yor. Sighing;
Let these fruitleſs Arts alone.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,
Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;
Much amiſs you take your Measure,
This dull whining way to hit.

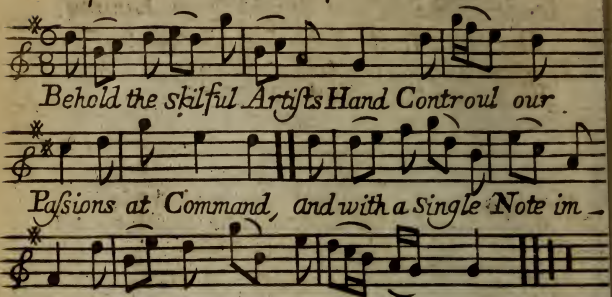
Tender Maids you fright from Loving,
By th' Effect they see in you;
If you would be truly moving,
Eagerly the Point pursue.

Brisk and gay appear in wooing;
Pleasant be, if you wou'd please,
All this Talking, and no Doing,
Will not Love, but Hate increase.

For the **Flute.**



To a Young LADY *Weeping.*
By a Gentleman of OXFORD.


Behold the skilful Artists Hand Controul our
Passions at Command, and with a single Note im-
-part Or Pain, or Pleasure to the Heart.

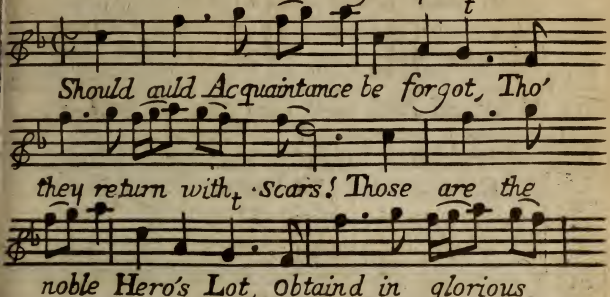
Or, what e'en Contradiction seems,
Blend and unite these two Extreams;
And by a Sadly pleasing Strain
Give us at once both Joy, and Pain.

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes,
While that dear Bosom heaves with Sighs,
Between two diff'rent Passions tost,
I know not which controuls me most.

Who sees That Face in Grief appear,
Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear!
Yet still our Joys Just Ballance keep,
Bless'd in thy Presence who can weep!

The SOLDIER's Welcome Home.

To the Tune of Auld lang syne.


Should auld Acquaintance be forgot, Tho'
they return with scars! Those are the
noble Hero's Lot, obtaind in glorious
Wars: Welcome my Varo, to my Breast, Thy
Arms about me twine, and make me once a -
- gain as blest, as I was lang syne.

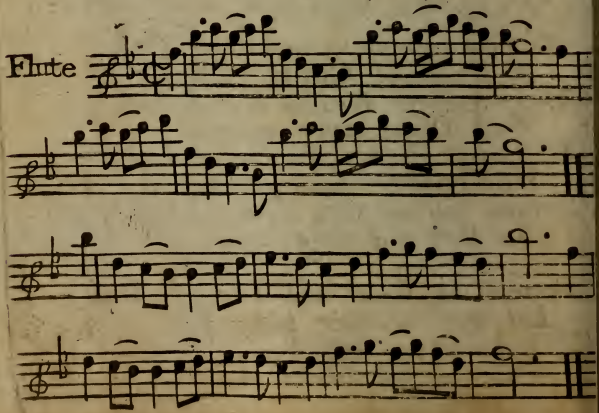
Methinks around us, on each Bough,
A Thousand Cupids play;
Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
With brighter Glory shine,
Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their share fall
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball;

But Sink in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline;
We'll please our Selves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang Syne.

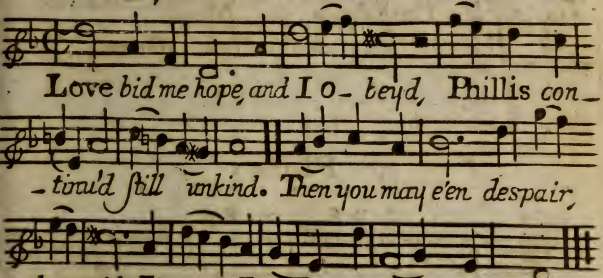
O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
You may pursue the Chase,
And after a blyth Bottle, end
All Care in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You Shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run Smooth away,
And laugh at lang Syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the Sweet Air,
And Signs of generous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
Bow'd to the Powers above.
Next Day, with glad Consent and Haste,
They knelt before the Shrine,
Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
And put them out of Pine.



Woman's Honour.

Set by M^r. Whichello.


Love bid me hope, and I o- beyd, Phillis con-
-tinu'd still unkind. Then you may e'en despair,
he said, In vain I Strive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part,
And Shew my self a mightier God.

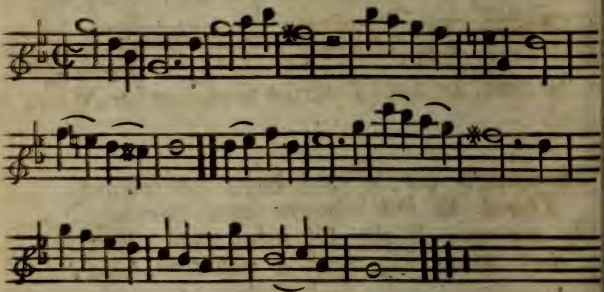
Thus Huffling Honour domineers,
In Breasts where he alone has Place;
But, if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not Shew his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd;
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

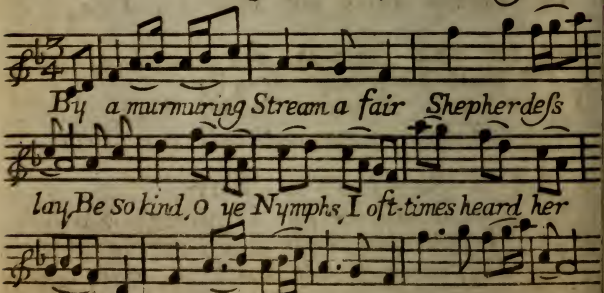
I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a Wretch for Honour's Sake;
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

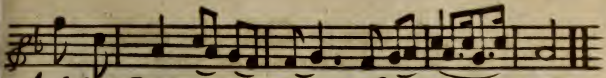
Consider real **Honour** *then,*
You'll find her's cannot be the same:
Tis noble Confidence in Men;
In Women, mean distrustfull shame.

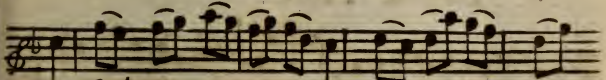
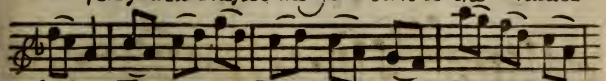
For the Flute.

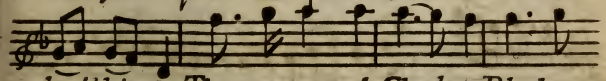


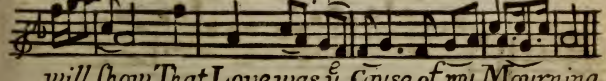
Love *is the Cause of my Mourning.*


By a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess
lay, Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft-times heard her
say, Tell Strephon, I dye, if he passes this Way,



False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me dye in his Arms:
Oh! Strephon, the Cause of my Mourning.





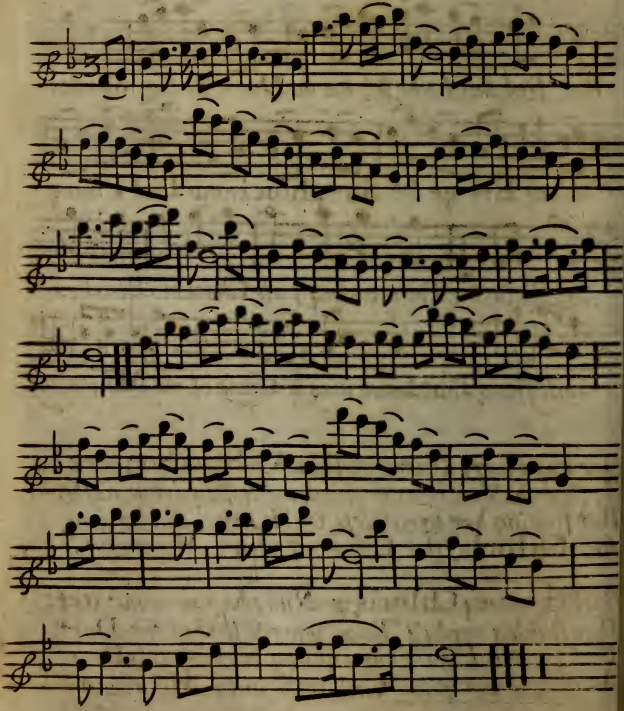


Her Eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
He thought She'd been Sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh Heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah! Chloris, the Cause of my Mourning.

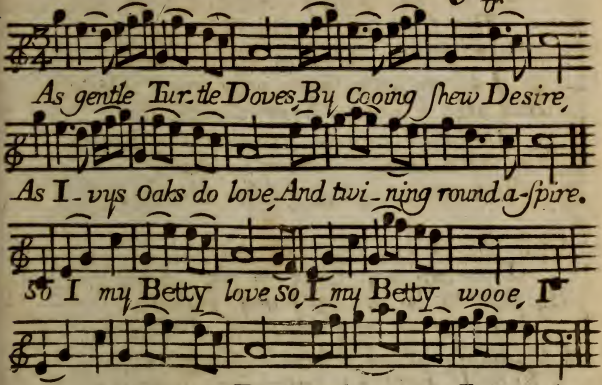
Restore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs use your art:
They sighing reply'd, 'Twas your self shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah then is Chloris *dead,*
Wounded by me! he said:
I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
Down to the Silent Shade:
Then on her cold Snowy Breast leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with Mourning.*

For the Flute



Blink over the Burn Sweet Betty.


tr
As gentle Tur-tle Doves By cooing shew Desire,
As I-vys Oaks do love And twi-ning round a-spire.
So I my Betty love So I my Betty wooe, I
wooe as wooes a Dove, and twine as I-vys do.

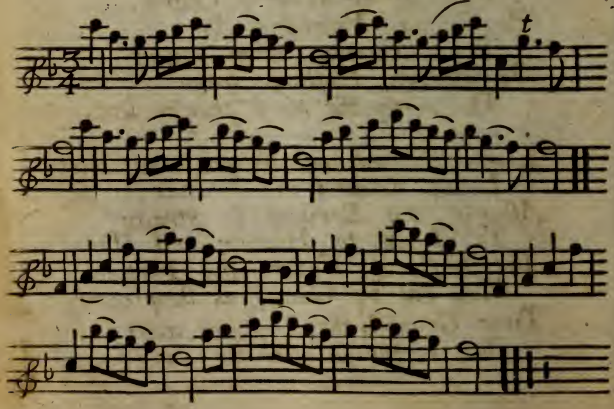
Her Kisses Sweet as Spring;
Like June, her Bosom's warm;
The Autumn ne'er did bring
By half so sweet a Charm.
As living Fountains do
Their Favours ne'er repent,
So Betty's Blessings grow
The more, the more they're lent.

Leave Kindred and Friends Sweet Betty
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
Assur'd thy Servant is steady
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune
May fly by Chance, as they came;
These Grounds the Destinies sport on,
But Virtue is ever the same.

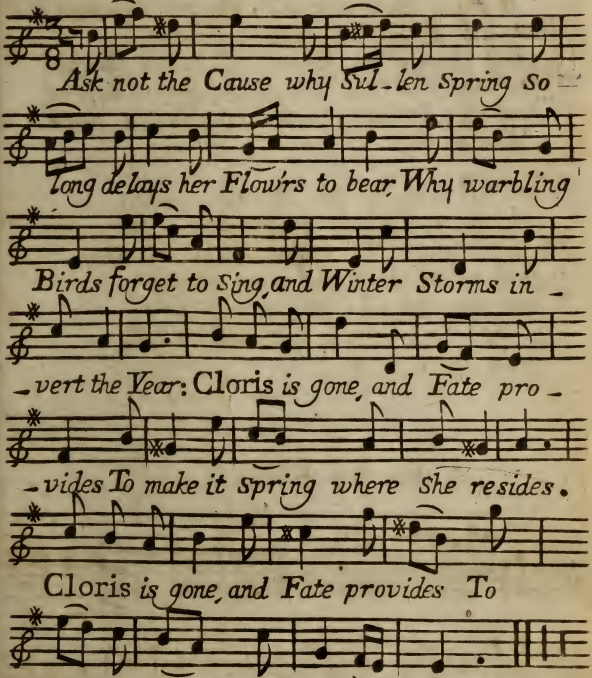
Altho' my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms ſo heav'nly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my Dear.
And ſhou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſp'd and kiſſed,
And live on thy Heaven of Charms:
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove,
Tho' Death ſhou'd tear me to Pieces,
I'd dye a Martyr to Love.

For the **Flute**



Charming Cloris.

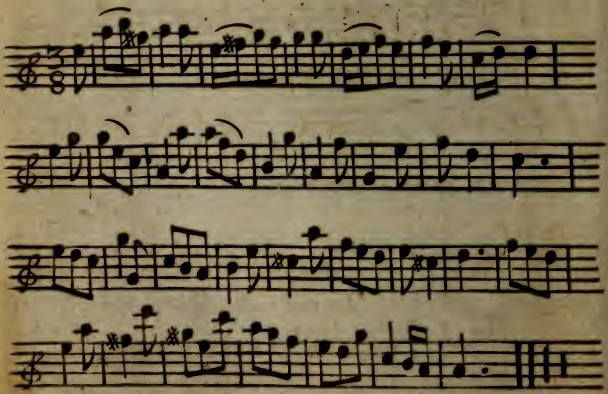

Ask not the Cause why Sul-len Spring so
long delays her Flow'rs to bear, Why warbling
Birds forget to Sing, and Winter Storms in-
-vert the Year: Cloris is gone, and Fate pro-
-vides To make it Spring where She resides.
Cloris is gone, and Fate provides To
make it Spring where She re sides.

Cloris *is gone, the cruel Fair*
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah! how can those fair Eyes endure,
To give the Wounds they will not cure!
Ah how, &c.

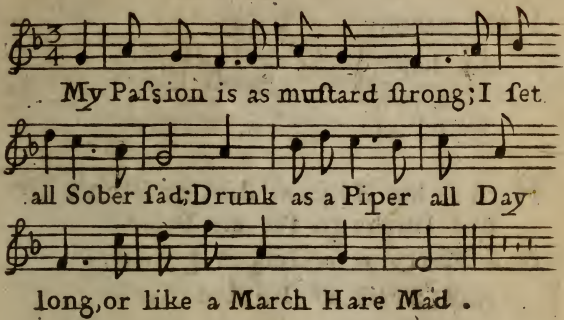
Great God of Love, why hast thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command;
That all Religions can invade
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land?
Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,
Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.
Where thou &c.

When Cloris *to the Temple comes,*
Adoring Crouds before her fall;
She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine, recall
I only am by Love *design'd*
To be the Victim for Mankind.
I only &c.

For the Flute



A New Song *to old* Similies



Round as a hoop the Bumpers flow
I drink, yet can't forget her:
For tho as Drunk as *David's* Sow,
I Love her ſtill the Better.

Pert as a Pear monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber could See
The reſt of woman kind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I Gaping ſtare,
And eye her o're and o're,
Lean as a Rake with ſighs and Care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin;
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown
But as a Groat now thin.

I Melancholly as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, Insensible of that,
Sound as a top can Sleep.

Hard is her Heart, as flint or Stone,
She laughs to see me Pale:
And Merry as a Grig is grown,
And Brisk as Bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her approach,
Is busy as a Bee
Hearts, sound as any Bell or Roach,
Are Smit, and Sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops, or Hail,
The Fine men crowd about her,
But soon, as dead as a Door Nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg, her shape appears,
O were we joyn'd together,
My heart would soon be free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as 5 pence, is her mein,
No Drum was ever tighter:
Her glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is Brighter.

As soft as Pap, her kisses are,
Methins I feel them yet
Brown as a Berry is her hair,
Her Eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
Her Pretty hands invite
Sharp as a needle, are her words,
Her wit like Pepper bite.

Brisk as a Body Louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress
Sweet as a Rose, her face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breast.

Full as an Egg, was I with Glee,
And happy as a King
Good lack! how all men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as Hell, she like the wind,
Chang'd as her Sex must do
Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Gospel true.

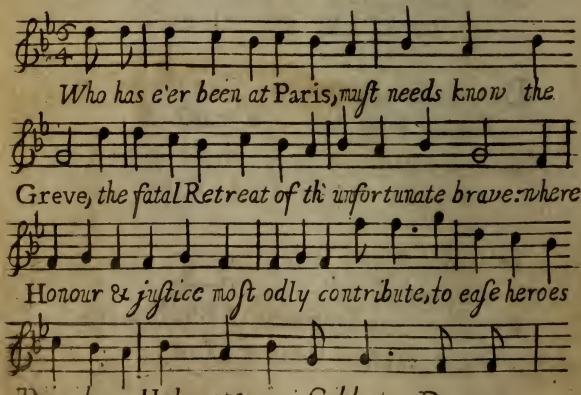
If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will take Peru:
Great as an Emperor I should be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a Chick
I'm dull as any Post;
Let us, like burrs, together stick,
As warm as any Toast.

You'l know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a Flounder when I Lye,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, She'l drop a Tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fish.

The Thief and Cordelier) *by* Mat: Prior.


Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
Greve, the fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate brave: where
Honour & justice most odly contribute, to ease heroes
Pains by a Hal - ter or Gibbet. Derry

down down hey der...ry down.

There death breaks ỹ Shackles which force had put on.
And ỹ Hangman compleats what ỹ Judge but begun:
There the Squire of ỹ Pad, & the Knight of ỹ Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, & their hopes no more
cross'd
Derry down &c.

Great Claims are there made, & great Secrets are known;
And the King, & the law, & ỹ Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out: what a Duce dost thou ail.
Put off thy Reflections. and give us thy Tale.
Derry down &c.

Twas there then in civil Respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness, to back a bad Cause,
A Norman, *tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:*
And who to assist, but a Grave Cordelier!
Derry down &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open ỹ Scene,
Seem'd not in great hast, that ỹ Show Should begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart.
And often took Leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son! says the Priest:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, & have been Confest.
O Father! My Sorrow will Scarce save my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such Fancies:
Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the Money you Promis'd be brought to y^e Chest!
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the rest.
Derry down &c.

And what will Folks say, if they See you afraid!
It reflects upon Me, as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; to day is your Period of Sorrow:
And things will go better, believe me to morrow.
Derry down &c.

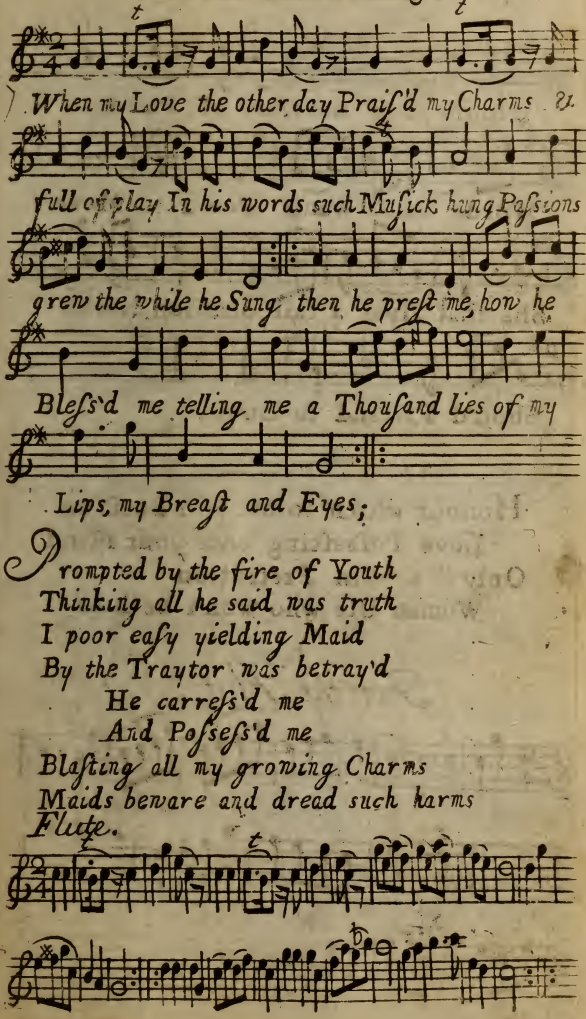
To, morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of to night
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, & be fairly tryss'd up
For you Surely to night shall in Paradise Sup.
Derry down &c.

Alas! quoth y^e Squire, howe'er Sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew! I shall little Stomach to Eat:
I should therefore esteem it great Favour & Grace;
Wou'd you be so kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down &c.

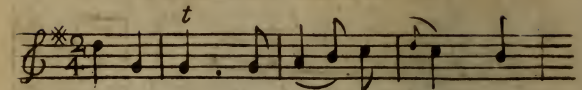
That I would, quoth y^e Father, & thank you to boot;
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must Suit.
The Feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
For this night, by our orders is mark'd for a Fast.
Derry down &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said;
Despatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:
For thy Cord, & my Cord both equally tie;
And we live by the Gold, for which other men Dye.
Derry down &c.

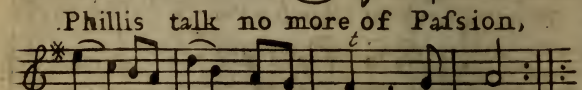
The Milk Maid's Song


When my Love the other day Praiſ'd my Charms &
full of play In his words such Muſick hung Paſſions
grew the while he Sung then he preſt me, how he
Bleſs'd me telling me a Thouſand lies of my
Lips, my Breaſt and Eyes;
Prompted by the fire of Youth
Thinking all he said was truth
I poor eaſy yielding Maid
By the Traytor was betray'd
He carreſs'd me
And Poſſeſs'd me
Blaſting all my growing Charms
Maids beware and dread such harms
Flute.

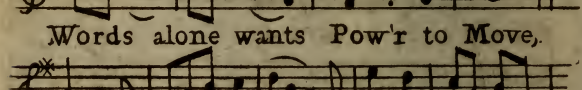
The Passionate Lover



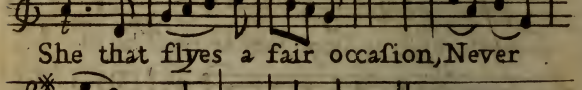
Phillis talk no more of Passion,



Words alone wants Pow'r to Move,



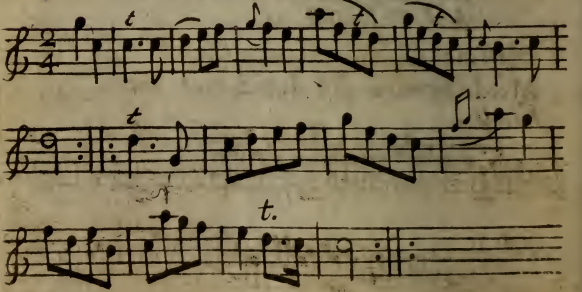
She that flyes a fair occasion, Never



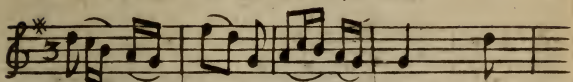
Shou'd Pretend to Love.

Honour which so oft you Boast on
Love Possessing once your Mind
Only is a vain Pretention
Women Use who won't be kind.

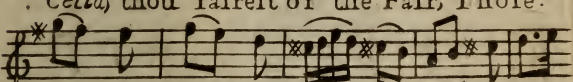
For the Flute.



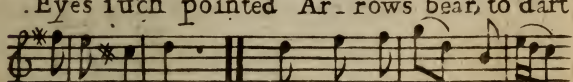
To Celia dreſt as a Beau



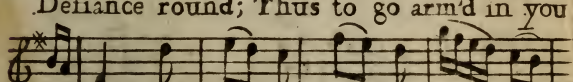
Celia, thou faireſt of the Fair, Thoſe



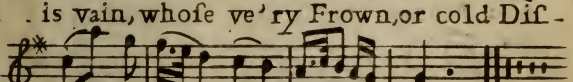
Eyes ſuch pointed Ar-rows bear, to dart



Defiance round; Thus to go arm'd in you



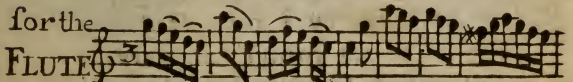
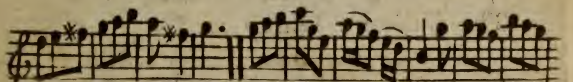
is vain, whoſe ve'ry Frown, or cold Diſ-

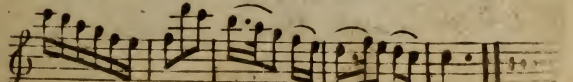


-dain, can kill, with-out a Wound.

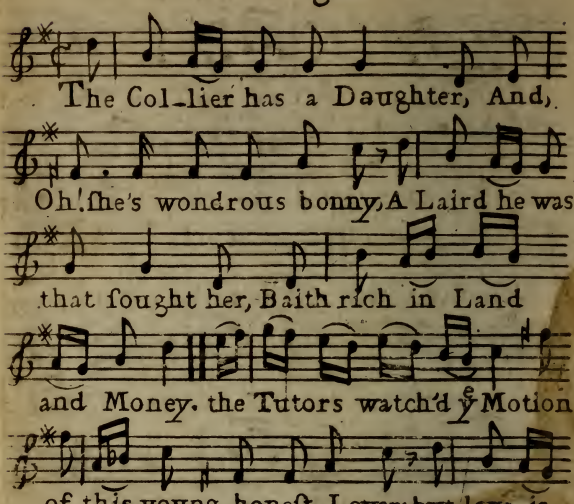
Then be not, *Celia*, thus diſgrac'd;
Let Swords on fitter Limbs be plac'd:
From ſuch rough Acts deſiſt:
Unarmed, you can conquer more;
Nor can great *Mars*, with all his Pow'r,
Your naked Force reſiſt.

for the FLUTE





The Collier's Daughter

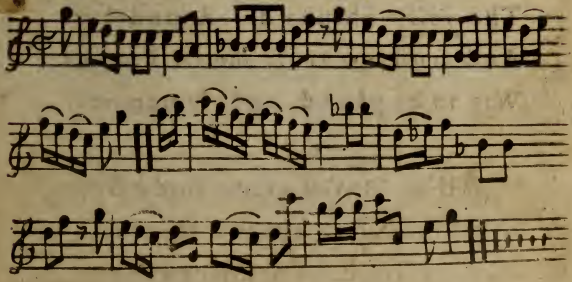

The Col-lier has a Daughter, And,
Oh! she's wondrous bonny, A Laird he was
that sought her, Baith rich in Land
and Money. the Tutors watch'd ye Motion
of this young honest Lover; but love is
like ye O-cean, wha can its Depth discover.

He had the Art to please ye,
And was by a respected;
His Airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected,
The Collier's bonny Lassie,
Fair as the new blown Lillie,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

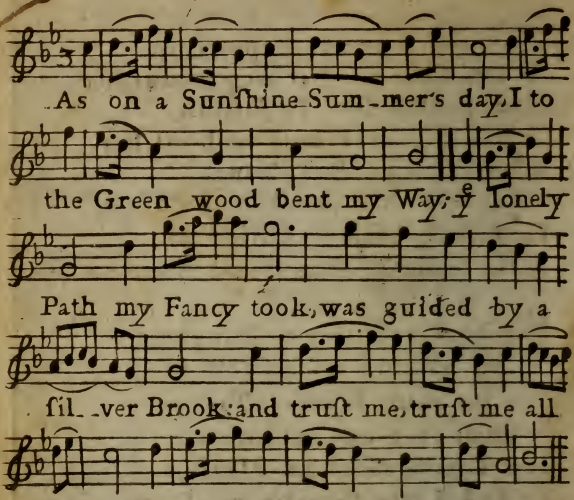
He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature Reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and Beauty.

FLUTE



The Words by M^r^ Ben Griffin *to a* Minuet.


As on a Sunſhine Sum-mer's day, I to
the Green wood bent my Way: y lonely
Path my Fancy took, was guided by a
ſil-ver Brook: and truſt me, truſt me all
I meant, was to be Pleas'd and Innocent.

Upon it's flow'ry Bank I ſate,
Regardleſs of or Love, or Hate,
So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherd's Roundelay:
And truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

All in the ſelf-ſame ſhady Grove
Youthful *Silvia* chanc'd to rove;
And, by its Echo led, drew near,

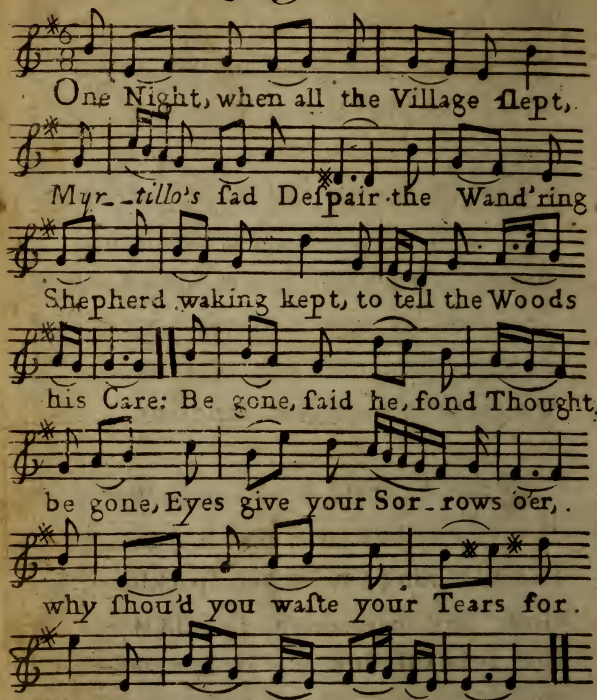
My rural Oaten Reed to hear.
But ſurely, ſurely, all ſhe meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

I held her by the glowing Hand,
And ſomething ſhe did underſtand;
Her ſwelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That ſomething too, too plainly ſpoke:
But truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

When I beheld her ſlender Waſte,
Her Iv'ry Neck, her panting Breaſt,
Her blooming Cheek, her ſparkling Eye,
Gods! was there ought I could deny!
But ſure 'till then, all, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er
My Heart was then my own no more;
Into her circling Arms I fell:
What follow'd then, I dare not tell;
We only both were in th' Event
Well pleas'd, if not ſo Innocent.

Deſpairing Myrtillo

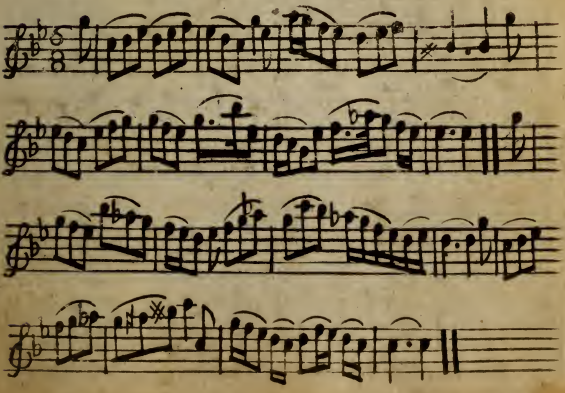

One Night, when all the Village ſlept,
Myr_tillo's ſad Deſpair the Wand'ring
Shepherd waking kept, to tell the Woods
his Care: Be gone, ſaid he, fond Thought,
be gone, Eyes give your Sor_rows o'er,
why ſhou'd you waſte your Tears for
One That thinks on you no more!

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours,
We here have paſs'd in Love:

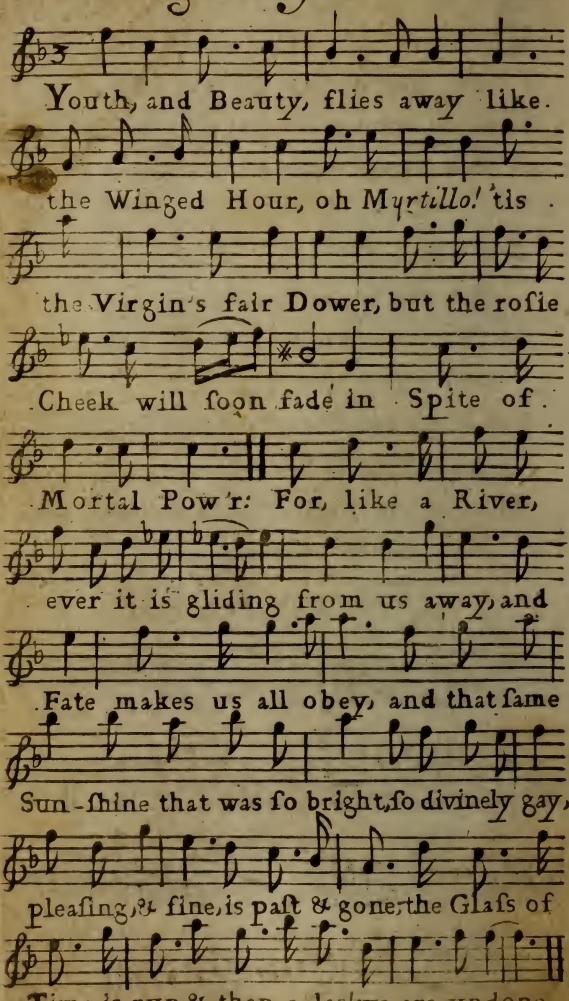
The Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand times, that like to Thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

But, ſince ſhe's loſt, oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here Complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
And never wak'd again.

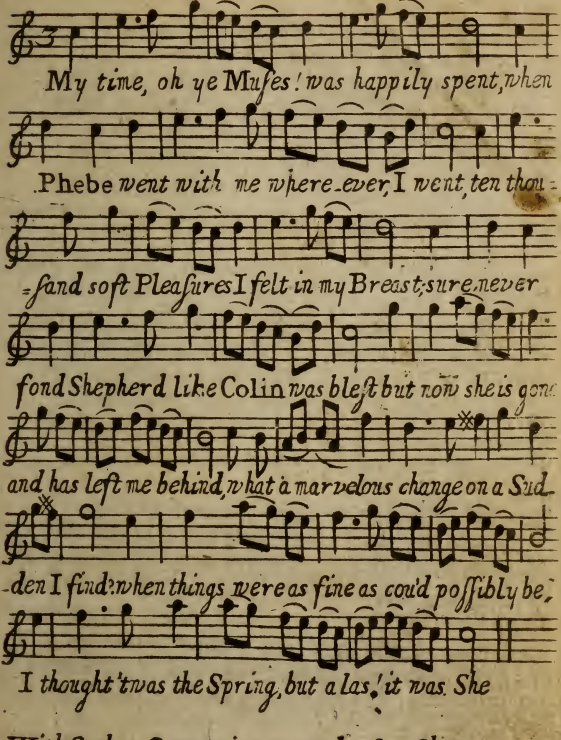
FLUTE



Fleeting Beauty.


Youth, and Beauty, flies away like
the Winged Hour, oh Myrtillo! 'tis
the Virgin's fair Dower, but the roſie
Cheek will ſoon fade in Spite of
Mortal Pow'r: For, like a River,
ever it is gliding from us away, and
Fate makes us all obey, and that ſame
Sun-ſhine that was ſo bright, ſo divinely gay,
pleaſing, & fine, is paſt & gone; the Glaſs of
Time is run, & then, alas! we are undone.

Phebe *Set by* Mr Gouge


My time, oh ye Muses! was happily spent, when
Phebe went with me where-ever I went, ten thou-
-sand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast; sure never
fond Shepherd like Colin was blest but now she is gone
and has left me behind, what a marvelous change on a Sud-
-den I find: when things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring, but a las! it was She

With Such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lye down and Sleep,
I was So good-humour'd, so chearfull and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day.
But now I so crofs and so Peevish am grown,
So Strangely uneasy as never was known;
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd
And my Heart I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run Sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so chearfull, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe *and I were as Joyfull as they,*
How Pleasant their Sporting, how happy the time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To See you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to See
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one, and Me;
And Phebe *was Pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,*
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's Fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as Dull as his Master, when Phebe's *away?*

When walking with Phebe *what Sights have I Seen?*
How fair was y Flower, how fresh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the trees & the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, & ev'ry thing made;
But Since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear.
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

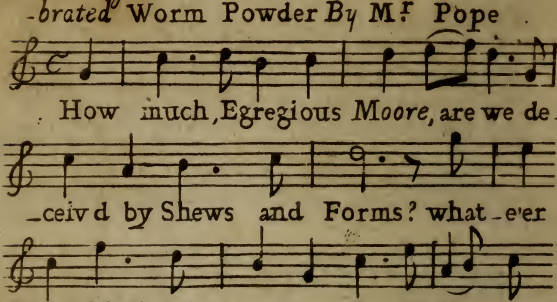
Sweet Musick went with us both all ye wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, & Nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And Chirp went the Grashopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they Sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in ye Consort, as now I have Found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
That Meadow those Daisies why do they not Smile
Ah Rivals, I See what it was that you dreft,
And made yourselves fine for a Place in her Breast:
You put on your Colours to Pleasure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How Slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return?
While amidst ye Soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I Burn
Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
I coud bredthe on his Wings, & t'would melt down ye
Lead.
Fly Swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
Ah Colin: old time is still of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy Passion remove,
But what Swain is so Silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For Ne'er was Poor Shepherd so Sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I Shall die with Despair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

To *the* Ingenious Mr. Moore *Author of the Celebrated* Worm Powder *By* Mr. Pope



Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,
A-while he crawls upon the Earth;
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grandam's Evil;
She first converst'd with her own Kind,
That Ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms Name,
The Block-head is a Slow-Worm:
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is Aptly term'd a Glow-Worm,

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
That Flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they took their Rise,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows,
Some Worms suit all Conditions:
Misers are Muck-worms; Silk-worms Beau's
And Death-Watches Physicians.

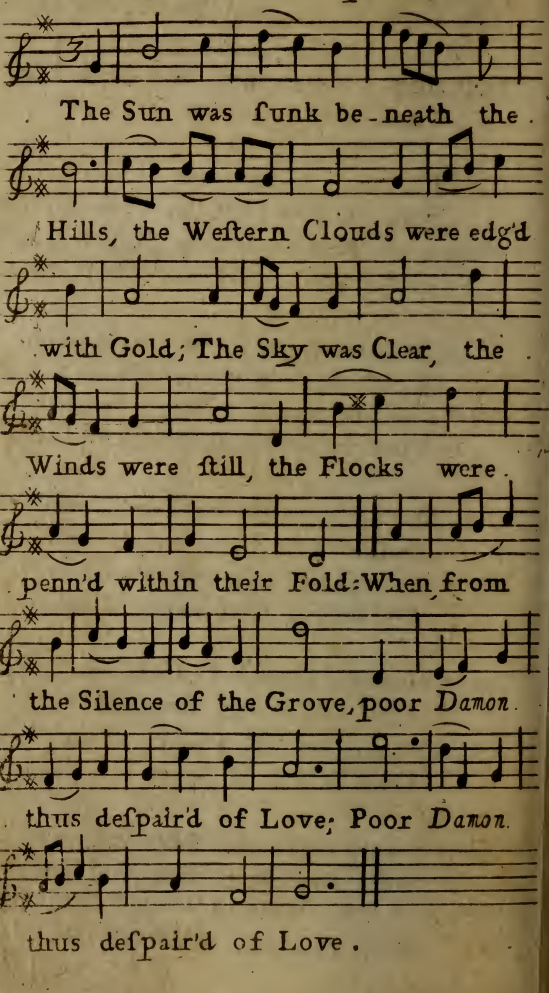
That Statesman have a Worm is seen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night an Day.

Ah, *Moore!* thy Skill were well employ'd,
And Greater Gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who sett'st our Entralls free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat e'en thee,

Thou only canst our fates Adjourn
Some few short Years, no more,
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

The Poor Shepherd


The Sun was ſunk be-neath the
Hills, the Weſtern Clouds were edg'd
with Gold; The Sky was Clear, the
Winds were ſtill, the Flocks were
penn'd within their Fold: When from
the Silence of the Grove, poor *Damon*
thus deſpair'd of Love; Poor *Damon*
thus deſpair'd of Love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose
From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach;
Who, from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape and blushing Peach;
With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Womankind.
The Truth &c.

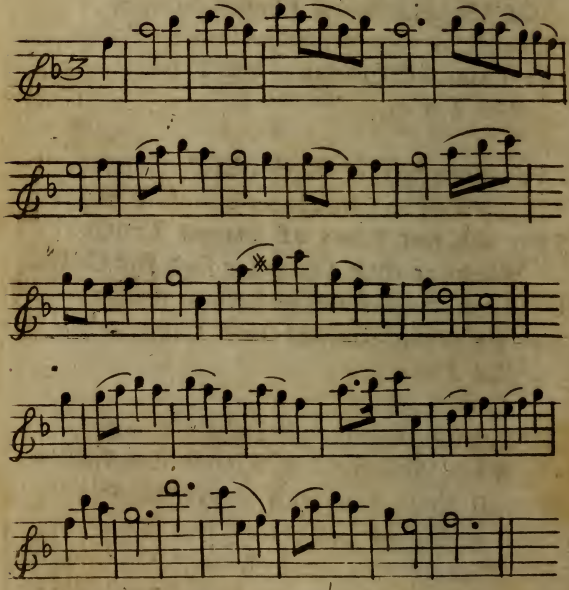
I have no Flocks, nor fleecy Care,
No Fields that shine with golden Grain,
Nor Meadows green, nor Gardens fair,
Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain;
Then all in vain my Sighs must Prove,
For I, alas! am nought but Love.
For I &c.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Women's hearts are bought & sold;
They ask not Vows of Sacred Truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold.
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I &c.

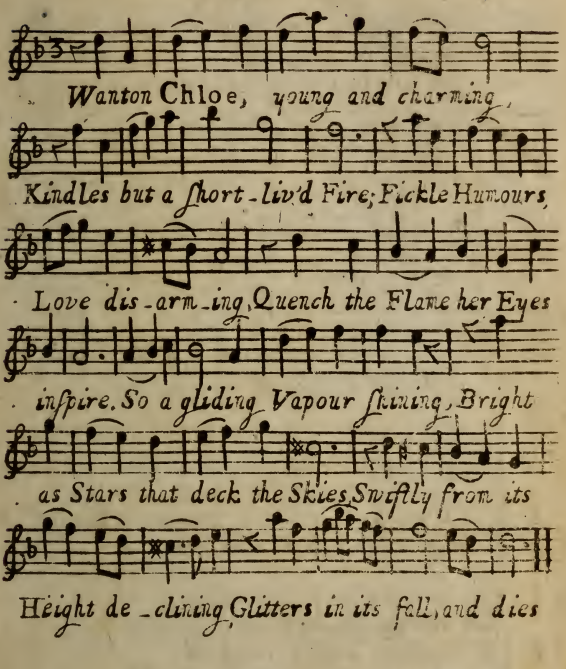
To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
What Wealth, what Riches can suffice?
But all their Fire can never boast
The living Lustre of her Eyes;
For there y^e^ World to cheap would Prove,
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I &c.

Oh, *Sylvia*, since nor Gems, nor Ore,
Can with thy brighter Charms compare,
Consider, that I Proffer more,
(More seldom found) a Heart sincere.
Let Treasure meaner Beauties move;
Who pays thy Worth, must pay with Love.
Who pays &c.

For the Flute.

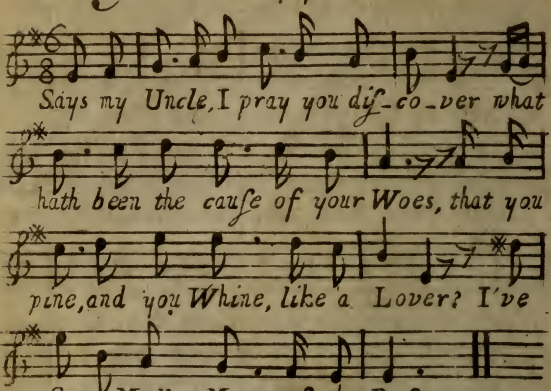


Chloe *and* Iris


Wanton Chloe, young and charming,
Kindles but a short-liv'd Fire; Fickle Humours,
Love dis-arm-ing, Quench the Flame her Eyes
inspire. So a gliding Vapour shining, Bright
as Stars that deck the Skies, Swiftly from its
Height de-clining Glitters in its fall, and dies

Iris, *ev'ry Grace adorning,*
Gently warms my fond Desire;
Sighs for ev'ry Sigh returning,
Like a Vestal, feeds the Fire.
Hiding still the Secret Pleasure,
From the prying Vulgar Eye;
Still resigning all her Treasure,
Giving, without Pain, the Joy.

Molly Mog: *Set by* Mr. Greene


Says my Uncle, I pray you dis-co-ver what
hath been the cause of your Woes, that you
pine, and you Whine, like a Lover? I've
Seen Molly Mogg of the Rose.

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog:
Half a Crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited
That Women at best are a Clog;
But I'm not so Easily frighted
From Loving of Sweet Molly Mog.

The School-boy's-Desire is a Play-day,
The School-master's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-maid's Delight is on May-day,
But mine is on Sweet Molly Mog.

Will a wisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can set me a gadding,
Like the Eyes of my Sweet Molly Mog.

For Guineas in other Men's Breeches
Your Gamesters will palm and will Cog:
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I may win Sweet Molly Mog.

The Heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a Frog,
But my Heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fixt upon Sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
In Pleasure is thought but a Hog:
All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
Of Joys, as my Sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
My Senses all lost in a Fog,
Now there's Nothing can give Satisfaction
But thinking of Sweet Molly Mog.

A Letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid *and gives me a Jog:*
And I fill all the Paper with writing
Of Nothing, but Sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd Like a Dog:
And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
For a Glance of my Sweet Molly Mog.

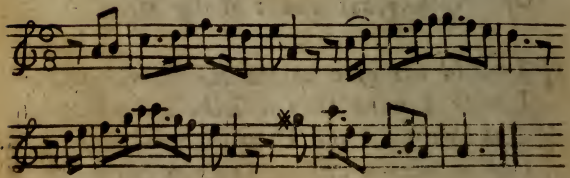
Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And seem as cut out of a Log;
Juno, Venus, *and* Pallas's *Merit*
Unite in my Sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
In Bumpers of Hogan *and* Nog,
Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my Sweet Molly Mog.

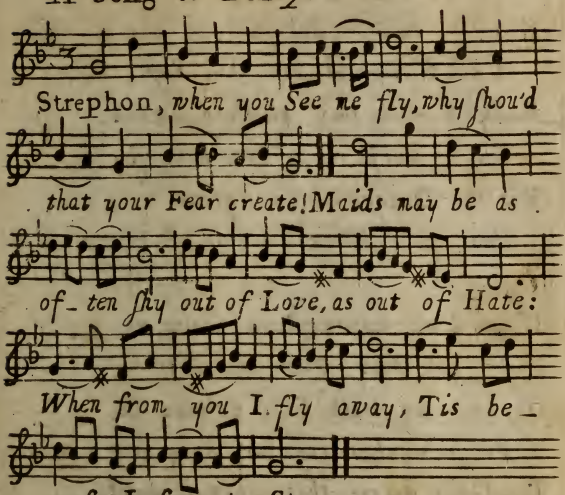
Were Virgil *alive with his* Phillis,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his Phillis *and Fair* Amaryllis
He'd give up for my Sweet Molly Mog.

When she Smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor,
Then Iealousie sets me agog.
To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

FLUTE



A Song *to* Denoye's Minuet.


Strephon, when you See me fly, why ſhou'd
that your Fear create! Maids may be as
of- ten ſhy out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I fly away, Tis be-
-cauſe I fear to Stay.

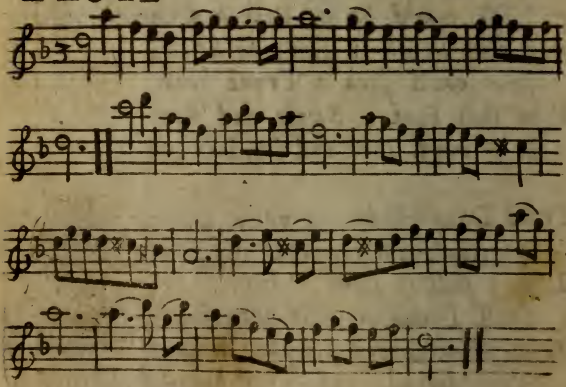
Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs wou'd be my Pain and Care;
But, the Youth I Love, to Shun!
Who cou'd ſuch a Tryal bear?
Who, that Such a Swain did See,
Who cou'd love, and fly, like me?

Cruel Duty beds me go;
Gentle Love commands my Stay:
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe;
Shall I this, or that, obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid Smiles;
That defends, and This beguiles.

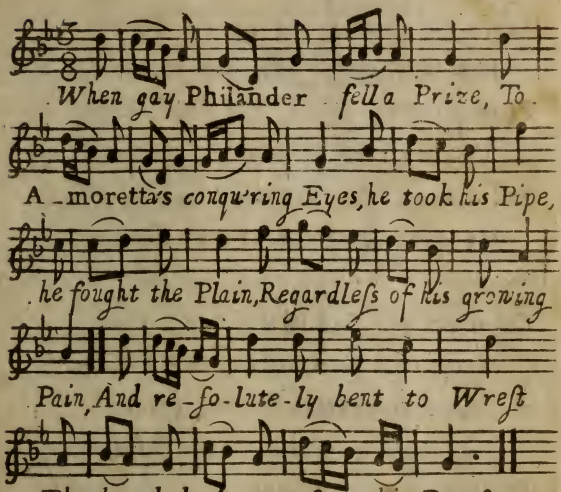
Ever, by this cryſtal Stream
I cou'd ſit, and See thee Sigh;
Raviſh'd with this pleaſing Dream,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly!
But, the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Feet.

If you love me, Strephon, *leave me,*
If you Stay, I am undone:
Oh, you may with Eaſe deceive me,
Pr'ythee, charming Boy, be gone:
The Gods decree that we muſt part:
They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

FLUTE



Philander *and* Amoret.


When gay Philander fell a Prize, To
A-moretta's conqu'ring Eyes, he took his Pipe,
he fought the Plain, Regardless of his growing
Pain, And re-so-lute-ly bent to Wrest
The bearded Arrow from his Breast.

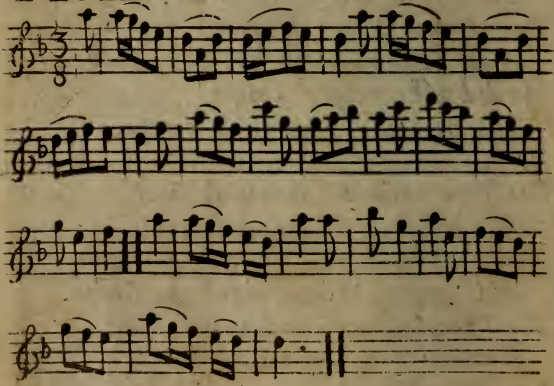
Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid and his Bow defy'd:
But as the Gales obsequious flew,
With Flow'ry Scents, and Spicy Dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The Breath of Amoret *is Sweet.*

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd,
And Warbling Nightingales reply'd,
Their Sounds in rival Measures move,
And meeting Echoes charm the Grove.
His Thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The Voice of Amoret *is Sweet*

Since ev'ry fair and lovely View
His Thoughts of Amoret *renew,*
From flow'ry Lawn, and shady Green,
To Prospect gloomy, chang'd the Scene:
Sad Change for him, for sighing there,
He thought of Lovers in Despair.

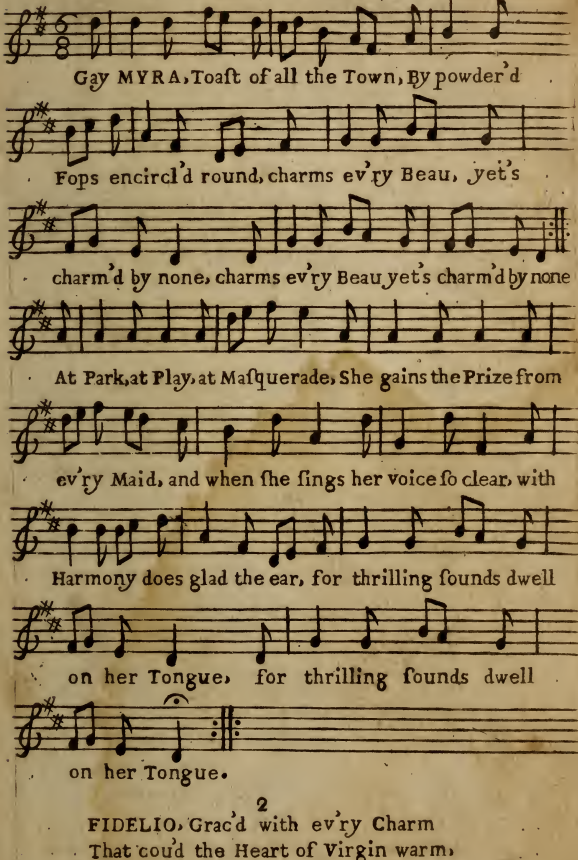
Convinc'd, the Sad Philander *cries,*
Now, cruel God, assert thy Prize;
For Love its fatal Empire gains:
Yet grant, in Pity to my Pains,
These Lines the Nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's *Lays are Sweet.*

FLUTE



MYRA'S CHOICE. To the Tune of the WHITE JOAK.

The Words by a GENTLEMAN.


Gay MYRA, Toast of all the Town, By powder'd
Fops encircl'd round, charms ev'ry Beau, yet's
charm'd by none, charms ev'ry Beau yet's charm'd by none
At Park, at Play, at Masquerade, She gains the Prize from
ev'ry Maid, and when she sings her voice so clear, with
Harmony does glad the ear, for thrilling sounds dwell
on her Tongue, for thrilling sounds dwell
on her Tongue.

2

FIDELIO, Grac'd with ev'ry Charm
That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,
For MYRA sigh'd, for her alone,
For MYRA &c.
Yet wou'd not pity touch the Fair,
To gently sooth his deep despair,

And tho' she ever frown'd disdain,
He still must languish tho' in vain,
For sweetest sounds dwelt on her Tongue.
For sweetest, &c.

3

PAPILIO Smart with flutt'ring Air,
Breath'd Artfully his mimmick care,
With gaudy Charms the Foplin shone,
With gaudy, &c.
No one like him cou'd Sing or Dance,
The Spark was newly come from FRANCE,
He Ap'd, caress'd, and fondly swore,
He never Lov'd a BELLE before,
For melting sounds dwelt on her Tongue.
For melting, &c.

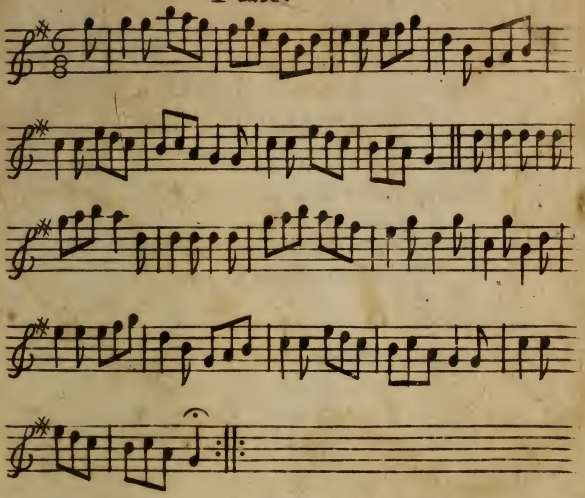
4

CORDELIO, Generous, Prudent, Wise,
The sprightly Dame did thus advise,
Young FLORIO'S borrow'd Love to shun:
Young FLORIO'S, &c.
Since false PAPILIO soon wou'd prove,
And was not worthy of her Love,
FIDELIO'S Flame was Chaste and pure,
And wou'd till ebbing Life endure,
His Heart sincere as was his Tongue.
His Heart, &c.

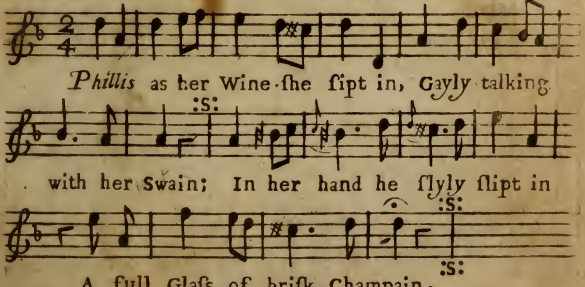
5

At length with flatt'ring courtship cloy'd,
And faithless vows of passion void,
She found She'd been amus'd too long:
She found, &c.
She FLORIO told he ne'er was true,
PAPILIO he was false she knew,
FIDELIO'S sighs she must approve,
And when she Crown'd his constant Love,
Enchanting sounds dwelt on her Tongue.
Enchanting, &c.

Flute.



The DOUBLE ENTENDRE.



2

Why so Coy said he, and ficle,
Must I always sigh in vain;
Must I never hope to ticle
Your Ear with a merry Strain.

3

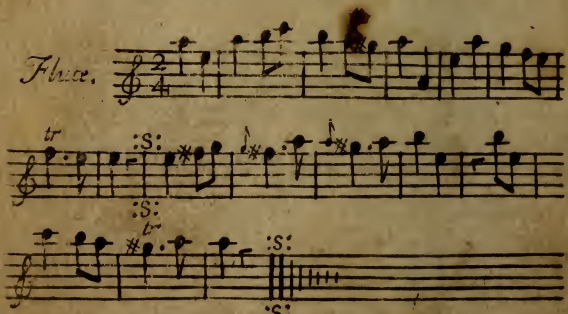
Long have I been toss'd and fretting,
Like a Sailor on the main;
Sure at length 'tis time to get in
To the Port I hope to gain.

4

Hearts you take delight in stealing,
Of new Conquests still are vain;
Torture others whilst I'm feeling!
Pleasures that's devoid of pain.

5

Won at length she listn'd kindly,
And from Love cou'd not refrain;
So in the nick the Nymph was finely
Fitted for her cold disdain.



Finis.